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THE OBSOLETE SALOON

IN EVERY discussion of the Eighteenth Amendment one is certain to come upon the phrase, "The old saloon must never be allowed to return." It is used by both parties, but more often by the wets, since the drys take it for granted. Every wet who wants the amendment repealed or amended is certain, at some point in his argument and usually at the beginning, to insert that reassuring sentence. It is in the mouths of such thoroughgoing wets, for instance, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth. When the dry uses it, it is because he wishes to give the impression that he is as merciless as ever to the extinguished saloon; when, as is much more common, the wet uses it, it is to show that he is not such a bad fellow after all.

It is as thoroughly false a statement, both of fact and of implication, as is ever made by anybody in discussing any phase of any public question, and that is saying something. Hardly any public question can be discussed without the interpolation of some phrase, false either in fact or in implication, and sounding well, but this particular phrase not merely reaches the limit of falsification but considerably surpasses it. Furthermore, it is known to be false by everybody who hears it, provided the auditor is not under the care of an oculist.

The old saloon never went. It is here now. It has been here all the time. If it is never to return, or never to be restored, it is for the same reason that the alphabet and multiplication table will never be restored.

It is true that the word "saloon" is not used now; the word is "speakeasy." But calling a saloon a speakeasy doesn't change either its identity or its *raison d'être*. There is no difference whatever between a gin-mill of today and a gin-mill of 1919 except that, generally speaking, the customer has to knock at the door before entering; a difference so idle and inconsequent that it is pitiful to see men like ex-Governor Smith and ex-District Attorney Tuttle stating it as oracularly as if it meant something.

Directly after the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment there was a marked change in the outer appearance of the saloon, but it did not last long. In the short period of readjustment the old-time bartender was not needed, and anybody who was physically capable of putting a bottle on a bar and drawing the cork took his place. The resultant difference was that, in this short period, mixed drinks disappeared

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entirely, and one could get only beer and whisky. It was also necessary to knock at the door and submit oneself to inspection, to prove that one was not a spy.

This period was extremely brief. As soon as it was discovered that the Eighteenth Amendment was a farcical nullity, the tremulous pretenses of 1920 were abandoned. The saloon-keeper (or speakeasy proprietor, as he is more clumsily called now) recalled the old bartenders, who could and can mix anything from a milk punch to a whisky sour. The ignorant serf who could barely uncork a beer bottle was replaced by skilled workmen, and the short and uneasy-looking bar was replaced by the old long bar with a plate glass wall behind it and rows of every sort of liquor from Bacardi rum to three-star Hennessy arranged in bottles at intervals along the glass, to break the monotony. Even the brass foot-rail, which had disappeared almost everywhere some years before the enactment of the amendment, was restored in the general rush back to the conditions of 1890.

Even the knock on the door has become perfunctory where it has not disappeared altogether. Some places, in summer-time, keep the door open and swinging, so that the passerby can see the bartender, shirt and apron, mixing a Tom and Jerry for some equally obvious customer. The need for the knock at the door disappeared when the business became standardized, and the dry agents began to abandon the custom of trying to shake down saloon-keepers for having a flask where it could be seen. Where the knock is still kept up, it is no more than a convention. There are still places where the saloon-keeper goes through the motions of examining a stranger's credentials, but the examination ends when the customer says, "I'm a friend of Jerry's," or "I'm all right."

Back of all this there does lie a real difference, but it is not one for the drys to be happy about. The saloon-keeper used to be under the supervision of the police, and he used to pay a tax. The city and state, having to tolerate his traffic, made him pay something into the treasury which relieved the pressure of taxation on other people. The Eighteenth Amendment released him from both the supervision and the tax. It did not make the saloon-keeper's lot any easier; he still pays, but what he pays is not a tax into the city or state treasury. It is graft. Before the Eighteenth Amendment he did not have to pay any graft because there was nobody who could get it by threatening him, unless he violated the Sunday and early closing hours.

These lines are written in the interest of truth and to the end that hypocrisy may be discouraged in its most blatant quarter. They have nothing to do with the merits or demerits of the Eighteenth Amendment, which may be as good a thing as Dr. Clarence True Wilson thinks or as bad a thing as Senator Morrow thinks. But humbug is a bad thing, no matter in what cause it is exercised; and the sooner we get rid of this particular humbug, the better for clear thinking and honest talking.

WEEK BY WEEK

Revolt in Spain

WHETHER just causes for the activities of the revolutionary forces in Spain actually exist, and it is very probable there are many reforms necessary, it is plain that the recent attempt to overthrow the monarchy by violence lacked anything resembling a wide popular support. Apparently, also, the coöperation of subversive elements of the deadliest sort was permitted if not encouraged by the reckless military leaders of the attempted revolt. The horrible sacrilege committed by Communists in pillaging a church and making a bonfire of the sacred relics threw a lurid light upon the whole situation. Moreover, the political grafters and incompetents who were overthrown by the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, bobbed up again in places of leadership in the new movement, which was so promptly crushed, and the most competent observers of Spanish affairs seem to agree that these political bosses of the discredited parliamentary régime will not be permitted by the Spanish people to regain power. The king is preferred to them even by many opponents of Alfonso. Republicanism in Spain seems still to be the ideal of an ineffective minority rather than the desire of responsible Spaniards, no matter how wishful the latter are to reach a more representative form of government. Major Franco's movie film type of leadership is not likely to impress the army, which despite such malcontents still seems to be mainly loyal to the crown.

Defeat for Hatred

IT IS to be hoped that the decision of the Brussels Court of Appeals in the matter of the Louvain Library inscription, upholding the Rector of Louvain against Mr. Whitney Warren, is final. The National Catholic Welfare Conference's News Service, in a despatch from its Louvain correspondent, reveals a significant fact, not, to our knowledge, contained in the news despatches in the daily papers, namely, that Mr. Warren's determined effort to place on the library which he has so beautifully restored the words, "Destroyed by Teutonic fury: restored by American generosity," had been seized upon by anti-Catholic political forces as a convenient screen for attempts to injure Louvain University. The State Attorney of Belgium, in his argument in court, spoke as follows: "The question of the architect's authorship rights gave birth to a political camarilla which at the bottom cherishes the hope of striking a blow at Monsignor Ladeuze and at the Catholic University. This camarilla is responsible for the agitation carried on behind the screen of Cardinal Mercier's great figure. All those who ever approached him knew his deep sense of measure and his well-balanced moderation in all things. Never would he have confounded nationalism with chauvinism, nor would he have preached hatred against Germany. Five years have elapsed since

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the incrimination was first talked of. Within that time Germany has fulfilled all its obligations toward Louvain University, rendering the inscription more uncalled for than ever. Indeed the Warren suit lacks both philosophical and juridical foundation, a fact which does not detract from Mr. Warren's merit nor diminish the Belgian people's appreciation for his work."

Justice and Charity

BECAUSE of the unemployment crisis, extraordinary importance was necessarily attached to the regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems at Washington, D. C., last week. Union labor leaders, a member of the President's Cabinet, the Secretary of Labor, William N. Doak, industrial leaders, professors and teachers from many schools and universities, took part in the conference, together with Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, the Reverend John A. Ryan and other representatives of the Church. It was an unusual opportunity for the spreading of the Catholic principles, the expounding of which is the purpose of the conference. Archbishop Curley gave notable expression to the desire of all leaders and organizations of the Church to coöperate with the President in solving the social problems which press with such urgency just now. While, of course, there was complete agreement that study of the unemployment crisis must seek for a permanent cure of this evil, there was recognition of the fact that before everything else came the duty of providing an immediate alleviation of human needs and suffering. In line with conclusions reached at other sessions of the conference throughout the country, the Washington meeting reached a general agreement that shorter working hours, increased wages and the organization of labor as a unit in the management of industry would go far toward correcting existing evils. It is significant of the trend of Catholic economic thought that the emphasis placed by some observers of the crisis upon overproduction as the primary cause was declared to be unwarranted. On the contrary, underconsumption, resulting from the improper distribution of wealth, was held to be the great underlying cause. In other words, justice is even more important than charity—and infinitely more necessary than the piling up of wealth for one part of the population at the expense of poverty for the greater part.

Judge Clark's Opinion

WE PUBLISH in the correspondence columns of this issue a latter from Mr. Raoul E. Desvernine, dealing with the opinion of Judge William Clark, of the District Court of New Jersey, who has declared the prohibition amendment unconstitutional. Mr. Desvernine was a member of the Committee of the New York Bar Association which studied this matter recently. Probably his opinion, which runs counter to Judge Clark's, is representative of the prevailing thought among the majority of the legal profession. In the language of the mystery of the law, Mr. Desvernine seems to concur with the opinion expressed in layman's language by a contributor to Mr. Edward Hope's column in the New York *Herald Tribune,* who sadly remarks: "Judge Clark's decision may hold water, but it will never hold anything stronger." But it certainly is holding the public attention, and will continue to do so until the United States Supreme Court hands down its decision on the appeal taken from Judge Clark's opinion. It is another of the many signs of the times indicating the turn of the tide of prohibition. But, as Mr. Desvernine says, irrespective of the merits of Judge Clark's stand, the Eighteenth Amendment should not be done away with by legalistic subterfuge, evasion or reinterpretation. "Defeating an amendment by legalistic argument," to use the words of our correspondent, "will give rise, in those believing in the principle of the Eighteenth Amendment, to many of the objections which are now made by those opposed to it and will in some quarters produce a greater disrespect for law and its procedure." The issue should be met fairly, squarely, and openly by the voters as a whole.

Why Do We Do It?

FOR ONCE, Mr. Shaw is absolutely right. Without any hedgings or qualifications whatsoever, without once using the phrases "tongue in the cheek," "head over heels," "airy perversity" or "wilful paradox," one must assent to the letter of what he says about Mr. Sinclair Lewis and Mr. Lewis's fellow-Americans. These latter, he confidently asserts, will feel a great accession of warmth for their prizeman as a result of his merciless slathering of them before the Swedish Academy. Though it is true that "they expect to be flattered," they are never grateful for flattery. "To rouse their eager interest, their distinguished consideration and their undying devotion, all that is necessary is to hold them up to the ridicule of the rest of the universe." Dickens cashed in on this excellent practice, and as for the great Fabian who is doing the talking: "I myself have been particularly careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the 100 percent American as 99 percent an idiot. And they just adore me and will go on adoring me until in a moment of senile sentimentality I say something nice about them, when they will at once begin to suspect me of being a cheap skate after all, and drop me like a hot potato. Most of the things I say of them are obviously true of all peoples that on earth do dwell; but as the Americans can never believe that other nations can possibly resemble them, I get them every time, just as Mr. Lewis does."

WHY SHOULD this be so? Why should a nation indicted so often, and sometimes so justly, for complacency and self-righteousness, exult with such pecu-

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Even our contemplatives, our cloistered ascetics, and mystics, do not gloss realities. They know and they do not delete from their testimony the dark nights of the soul, the drying of the founts of spiritual joy, and even, not infrequently, of faith. So we do not waste our time on speculations of earthly utopias, not because we lack hope, not because we are not humanists in the sense of trying to do our best for humanity, but from a realism that naturally makes us humble. We recall a counsel for self-perfection, to struggle as quietly and decently as possible with one's own "old man," to seek to subjugate the sin in oneself not from selfishness, but because this is the surest contribution one can make to society. This involves none of the enraged activity of the reformer, the violent casting out of beams. Our hope is a tempered hope and too complex to be hung on the wall in a motto.

If we review our hopes of goods in this world, beside the amelioration of the social conditions which have led to so much unemployment and want, there seem to us to be three major hopes on the horizon. First, is an improved tolerance and benevolence toward the Catholic Church. It seems to us that gradually the Church is being better understood and its unique position better appreciated as a bulwark against a devastation of change, of confusion, of chaos in two dimensions, the chaos of peoples all over the world clamoring with opposed interests, the chaos of scientists equally sincere declaring opposites from opposite sides of the globe, the chaos in the spacial dimension, and the chaos in the temporal dimension where the minutiae of thought declared as truths one day are shown to be errors the next and the mechanics for changing our environment have almost completely torn up those roots by which a family would be attached to one place, one scene. Now if an urban man goes abroad for the summer, when he returns he is hardly able to find his way home unaided, so many and rapid have been the changes, with the exception of the landmark of the church. Here he may go and find everything familiar—the saints, the vestments, the Mass, the aspirations, the hope. Even those who most enjoy swinging dizzily in the circuits of change, have come to give a grudging admiration to the church. It gives them a point of register in their orbits and they wave a friendly hand when they pass.

Second, we see as one of those hopes that are possible of attainment, though admittedly hard to attain, an improvement of the public attitude toward public questions. Succinctly this might be said to be an awakened interest in good government. There was an increasing indifference to government not so long ago while the major preoccupation was the stock market. The mounting toll of crime in the country was left alone by the average citizen as no business of his as long as it would let him alone to compound his paper profits. There was an equal indifference to prohibition which was left to professional agitators. This intolerable condition which annually causes so many millions of dollars—as a matter of fact, billions of dollars—to be diverted to law-breaking which in turn encourages a breakdown in our laws and a disrespect for them was largely ignored. The addresses of a good bootlegger and speakeasy were considered more immediately practical by many than address to the problem of expunging the unfortunate amendment and living in a state of unequivocal civic virtue. The unpleasant nature of the professional prohibition advocates is being more and more clearly brought to the public's attention through the medium of the radio and the moving pictures. These unpityingly expose them as types that normal and unbitter Americans would shudder to think of controlling the country. The recent overwhelming expressions for repeal, of the American Bar Association, of the voters in the numerically and economically largest commonwealths in the union, the members of the National Economic League, the eminently sober Union League Clubs, and numerous other organizations of recognizably unprejudiced and well-wishing American citizens, all these give us hope. And the painful and widespread exposures of police and judicial irregularities which at present are disgusting us with their malodor, are really hopeful signs that something will be done to correct their occasion. It is an anomaly yet none the less true, that evils of this sort are often at their worst when nothing is heard of them.

And third, to complete our triad of hopes, we have on the international horizon as potentially useful machinery for the expression of good-will among men and the amicable settlement of differences between the groups of humans comprised within nations, the plan for a federal union of Europe, the World Court and the League of Nations. As we suggested in our last issue, we hope that the European union will be achieved, as it will be a unit in the hierarchy of international agencies. It will be able to settle difficulties which are local to the European Continent. As the United States has traditionally asserted in the Monroe Doctrine, there are spheres of international political activity which are controlled by a natural neighborliness. This is almost the assertion of a truism, that those who are near have a better understanding of issues, of all the intangible circumstances of character and emotion, as well as the specific facts of geography and numbers, than those who are far off. So if the union of Europe can be developed to deal with those local matters that many Americans now do not want to be involved with through the League of Nations, this latter agency, together with the World Court, may yet receive our wholehearted support as the center of a federal union of mankind in the temporal, but necessary, activities of politics and economics.

As we have said, our hope in all these matters is realistic, it is tempered with the Scholastics' condition to the attainment of future goods—though possible, we know that they will be hard to attain. However, we feel that this very condition is stimulating.

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BOLIVAR'S DREAM

By HERBERT F. WRIGHT

Knowledge of Bolivar, the George Washington of South America, may well be for us here in the United States a beginning of understanding of our southern neighbors. Our common interests which he embraced in his dreams should steadily carry us forward in all the exchanges of amity. The author of the present article, who is professor of international law at the Catholic University of America, recalls glowingly and with erudition the story of the "Liberator," his great achievement and his aspirations, which in our day are being carried on by the Pan-American Union.—The Editors.

A HUNDRED years ago, on December 17, 1830, a little band of faithful friends, including a bishop, several generals and other military and public officials, gathered around a dying man in a country place near Santa Marta on the northern coast of South America. That man was Simon Bolivar. Just eleven years before to the very day, at Angostura on the Orinoco, he had brought into being the Republic of Colombia, a vast territory stretching from the Orinoco to Guayaquil. In the intervening years he had secured the independence of this territory from Spain as well as liberated Peru and Upper Peru (now bearing the name of its liberator, Bolivia)—thus becoming the founder of three nations which were later to be converted into six by the disruption of Colombia into Venezuela, Nueva Granada (the present Colombia), Ecuador and (quite recently) Panama.

This had been no easy task. With little or no resources, without the wholehearted support of the very peoples he was liberating, thwarted upon many an occasion by ambitious generals, he had pursued his objective—the elimination of the monarchial system and Spanish control from the continent of South America—with a singleness of purpose unparalleled in history; which won for him, while still living, the justly deserved title of "Liberator" from the republics he helped to freedom, and the acclaim of the whole world within a short time after his death. He had been granted dictatorial powers by the representatives of the various republics while he was fighting for their freedom, but he had steadfastly declined to retain them, in the face of much insistence, beyond the period demanded by military necessity.

And now he was on his deathbed, to which he had been hastened by the ingratitude and treachery of ambitious generals whom he had befriended and who, now that freedom had been attained, were jealously struggling for the public control declined unselfishly by the Liberator. But there was no rancor or bitterness in the heart of Bolivar. Unmistakable proof of this is to be found in a proclamation which he issued just a week before his death, and in fact in anticipation of it:

> Colombians! You have witnessed my efforts to establish liberty where tyranny formerly reigned. I have labored with disinterestedness, abandoning my fortune and even my tranquillity. I relinquished the charge, when I was persuaded that you distrusted my disinterestedness. My enemies abused your credulity and trampled upon what is most sacred to me, the reputation of my love for liberty. I have been the victim of my persecutors, who have led me to the doors of the tomb. I forgive them.
>
> Upon departing from your midst, my love tells me that I should express my last wishes. I aspire to no other glory than the consolidation of Colombia; all should labor for the inestimable blessing of union. The peoples, by obeying the present government, in order to free themselves from anarchy; the ministers of the sanctuary, by directing their prayers to heaven; and the military, by using their swords in defense of the social guarantees.
>
> Colombians, my last wishes are for the happiness of our country. If my death may contribute to the cessation of partizanship and the consolidation of the union, I shall tranquilly descend to the grave.

Here was no ordinary man! Here was a patriot, if ever there were one! Besides, had not his dream come true? Let us pause for a moment to examine what manner of man was he who accomplished so much in such a short space of time and against such overwhelming odds.

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas, July 24, 1783. His father died while he was still quite young and his mother before he was sixteen. His uncle and guardian then sent him to Madrid to complete his education. He was treated in a manner becoming his social standing both in Mexico, which he visited en route, and in Madrid. In 1801 he visited Paris, where Napoleon was First Consul, but later in the same year returned to Madrid to marry a young Spanish lady. They departed for the land of his birth, where his young wife died ten months after arrival, so that, although he was not yet twenty-one, he had lost his father, his mother and his wife. Life seemed empty indeed, and it is no wonder that he determined to leave his native land immediately to assuage his grief in study and travel abroad.

At the end of 1803 he was again in Madrid. Then he stayed some time in Paris, finally going on a walking tour of Italy and visiting Milan, Florence, Venice, Rome and Naples. While at Rome, he made a solemn vow to free his native Venezuela. From Italy he came to the United States and, after visiting Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other cities, he arrived at Caracas late in 1806. It was not long before he became prominently identified with the independence movement. He was one of the first diplomatic representatives to be sent abroad by an independent gov-

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ernment in Spanish America, his mission being to enlist assistance at London. A treaty of alliance between Spain and England rendering his efforts there fruitless, he returned to Venezuela, having persuaded General Francisco Miranda to accompany him.

What a wonderfully broad background this travel in Spain, France, Italy, England, Mexico and the United States must have given Bolivar for the self-assigned task of freeing his native land! From the very beginning of his career of liberation, he had dreamed of the independence of Venezuela, he had dreamed of the independence of all the Spanish colonies in South America as the surest way to Venezuelan independence, and he had dreamed of a union of them all as the surest way to their independence.

The way was paved for the realization of the first part of his dreams when, on July 5, 1811, a congress of representatives of seven provinces of Venezuela proclaimed their independence and adopted a national flag. The months which followed found Bolivar fighting side by side with General Miranda against the Spanish royalists. His service with the unfortunate Miranda, while not leading directly to the achievement of the first of his objectives, gave him the necessary military training to complement his extensive study and observation abroad, and tended to draw attention to him as the outstanding leader in the struggle after Miranda's surrender.

Forced to flee his native country because of this surrender, Bolivar arrived finally at Cartagena, a city in Nueva Granada, and on December 12, 1812, he published a memorandum to the Congress of Nueva Granada appealing for help in reobtaining the freedom of his native land on the ground of the identity of Venezuela's cause with that of the entire continent. He had previously offered his services to the Congress and upon their acceptance had, as a colonel, attacked and captured an important royalist stronghold at Tenerife—a success which had brought him the full command of his own army. Additional successes in conquering the upper Magdalena induced the Congress of Nueva Granada to listen to his arguments that the liberty of Venezuela was essential to the continued liberty of Nueva Granada itself, and permit him to occupy the southwestern provinces of Venezuela.

Within the short space of ninety days he had reconquered all the western part of Venezuela and was received in Caracas with the highest honors. It is typical of the man that, in the midst of these honors, he made the first public declaration that he had no ambition for political power.

> The Liberator of Venezuela renounces forever and declines irrevocably to accept any office except the post of danger at the head of our soldiers in defense of the salvation of our country.

The title "Liberator," by the way, was not an arrogantly assumed one, but had been accorded to him generally because of his deeds, although it may have originated from his custom of dating announcements of his victories by inserting the word "liberated" after the name of the city freed.

The year 1813 was memorable for the successes of the army of independence. On the last day of that year Bolivar issued another of those unforgettable documents, in which he expressed his idea about the union between Nueva Granada and Venezuela. In the course of this document he hammers home again his idea of Pan-American solidarity in the following words:

> It is necessary that our country he sufficiently strong to resist successfully the aggressions which European ambitions may plan; and this colossal power, which must oppose another great power, cannot be formed but through the union of all South America under a national body, so that a single government may use its great resources for a single purpose, that of resisting with all of them exterior aggressions, while in the interior an increasing mutual coöperation of all will lift us to the summit of power and prosperity.

A series of successes in the new year was followed by reverses occasioned by an epidemic of smallpox in his army, the jealousy of other officers in the patriot cause, and the arrival in Venezuela of a large and well-equipped army from Spain. Defeated, therefore, but not conquered, Bolivar decided to resign and embarked for Jamaica, where he arrived in May, 1815. It was here that he issued the celebrated "Letter of Jamaica," wherein he details the reasons why he is not in favor of American monarchies. In so doing he shows clearly that his idea of union did not involve the republics in a super-state. He writes:

> A state too large in itself or by reason of its dependencies finally falls into decay and changes its free form back into tyranny, relaxes the principles which should preserve it, and at last evolves into despotism. The characteristic of small republics is permanency; that of the large ones is varied, but always tends to an empire.

This same idea recurs in Bolivar's letters again and again, amid victory and defeat. For instance, shortly after the second defeat of La Puerta, he addressed a letter to Pueyrredón, supreme director of the River Plata provinces, in which he said:

> Venezuela is now mourning, but tomorrow, covered with laurels, she will have extinguished the last of the tyrants who now desecrate her soil. Then she will invite you to a single association, so that our motto may be: "Unity in South America." All Americans should have one country.

One of the elements required for the upbuilding of the Republic of Colombia—Bolivar's dream—was the independence of Nueva Granada, and this was finally assured by the decisive victory against unbelievable odds at Boyacá on August 7, 1819. Bolivar returned immediately to Venezuela and there, at Angostura, on December 17, 1819, Congress decreed the creation of Colombia by the union of Venezuela, Nueva Granada

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and Quito (the present Ecuador) into a single republic. Bolivar was elected President; a Vice-President was elected for Venezuela and another (General Santander) for Nueva Granada, while the organization of Quito was deferred until the army of independence should enter that city.

The battle of Boyacá assured the independence of Nueva Granada, the second battle of Carabobo on June 24, 1821, assured the independence of Venezuela and the battle of Ayacucho on December 9, 1824, practically put an end to the war of independence of the South American republics. It remained but for Bolivar to proclaim the republic of Upper Peru on May 16, 1825. Now he had attained his second objective, the second part of his dreams. But he had not waited for this before proceeding toward the attainment of his third objective, the union of Spanish America. As early as 1815, in his "Letter of Jamaica," he had written these prophetic words:

> How beautiful it would be if the Isthmus of Panama should be for us what that of Corinth was for the Greeks! God grant that some day we may have the good fortune to instal there an august congress of the representatives of the republics, kingdoms and empires to discuss and study the high interests of peace and war with the nations of the other three parts of the world.

Shortly after the second battle of Carabobo, he sent diplomatic missions to the new republics of the continent: one to Peru, Chile and Buenos Aires; another to Mexico; and another to Central America. The instructions to these three commissioners were identical and contained these modern-sounding words:

> I repeat that, of all I have expressed, there is nothing of so much importance at this moment as the formation of a league truly American. But this confederation must not be formed simply on the principles of an ordinary alliance for attack and for defense; it must be closer than the one lately formed in Europe against the freedom of the people.
>
> It is necessary that our society be a society of sister nations, divided for the time being in the exercise of their sovereignty, on account of the course of human events, but united, strong and powerful, in order to support each other against aggressions of foreign powers.
>
> It is indispensable that you incessantly urge the necessity to establish immediately the foundations of an amphictyonic body or assembly of plenipotentiaries to promote the common interests of the American states, to settle the differences which may arise in the future between peoples which have the same habits and the same customs and which, through the lack of such a sacred institution, may perhaps kindle deplorable wars, such as those which have destroyed other regions less fortunate.

The treaties which these three commissioners negotiated with Peru, Chile and Buenos Aires in 1822, with Mexico in 1823 and with Central America in 1825, looked toward a Congress at Panama in 1826. Unfortunately, Bolivar's campaign in Upper Peru and the subsequent disturbances both in Venezuela and Nueva Granada prevented him from assuring the complete success of the Congress of Panama, which was the third and last part of his dreams. But no one who reviews the work of the numerous conferences of American states under the auspices of the Pan-American Union can fail to realize that Bolivar's dream has indeed at last come true.

THE AWAKENING OF JUDAISM

By LOUIS MINSKY

DURING the past few years there has been a slow but significant approach toward a symbiosis in Judaism. It is in the nature of a spiritual revival that is bringing the various factions, particularly the Reform group, to a common appreciation of the traditional in Judaism. This event, unnoticed in the more pressing problems confronting the Jews, is a most signal trend; for the first time in over half a century, there is a tendency to approach the religion of Israel with a more unified outlook. Unity within Jewry has been noticeably lacking since the Jews have gained political and economic freedom in the Western lands. Although passionately united against any common outside enemy, the Jews of the world are singularly divided within themselves, on both religious and social questions, and any approach to a more cohesive outlook on any question, particularly the religious one, may be hailed as an event of major importance.

So far as religious belief is concerned Jewry has, in modern times, divided itself into three camps. On one hand is the Orthodox group which steadfastly adheres to the traditional Judaism of the Scriptures. It is the most powerful of the religious factions. Its strongholds may be found throughout eastern Europe, in England, South Africa, Australia and Canada. The second group is the Conservative element, which is strictly an American group, organized in 1913 but having its earlier beginnings toward the end of the century. Conservative Judaism purports to represent traditional Judaism alive to the progress of the world in scientific endeavor. In other words, while not completely rejecting Orthodox Judaism, the Conservatives have attempted to make the traditional belief compatible with modernism. The third group is the Reform, which has been the subject of so much controversy in Jewish life. Founded in the middle of the last century in Germany, its doctrine soon spread to America, where the movement was developed into a powerful element in Jewish life through the American founder, Dr. Isaac S. Wise. Reform is recognized as the most radical of the three

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groups. Its purpose has been to secure the religious, political and economic liberation of the Jew, especially of the European Jew who has clung consistently to the Orthodox belief in the face of political and economic persecution. The founders of Reform attempted to reinvigorate Jewish life and faith by reforming traditional Judaism to the most extreme degree. But even this extent of reformation has been egregiously overdone by the subsequent leaders of the Reform movement. For, instead of reforming Judaism by choosing what to accept in the faith, they began a fanatical crusade of elimination, until the Reform faith dwindled down to a mere devitilization of Judaism, resulting from a persistent campaign for assimilation. This fact has been acknowledged by the foremost Reform rabbis.

The reformation of Judaism had its earlier beginnings in the twelfth century, when Moses Maimonides, the foremost philosopher of his day, introduced a new system of Judaism which was the occasion of much attack against him. Rationalism had then reached its climax. The injunctions of the Bible were explained by Maimonides in the light of reason. Only the simple, primary or literary sense of the Scriptures was recognized by him; the existing allegorical interpretations were considered either as rabbinical fancy, or as a poetical form. Even the Talmud had been systemized and codified, and religion had become a more or less meaningless *opus operatum*. But instead of unifying Judaism, as he had hoped, Maimonides caused a cleavage—a cleavage that has repeated itself in this age.

The Jews of the world, however, more or less clung to Orthodoxy until one group began to view Judaism with an entirely new outlook. They did not approach their religion with the philosophical radicalism of Maimonides but attempted to create a universalistic outlook on Judaism as opposed to the Orthodox Judaism which spoke of a promised land in Palestine. The Jew's purpose, they declared, was to spread his culture among the peoples of the world. Under this system the Jew was to become thoroughly orientated to the land of his birth or adoption. The idea of the Jews as a separate nation was viewed with ridicule. Only by the universalism of the Jew could Israel's mission be accomplished. So we find that in this adaption of the Jew to peoples of the world, the Reform doctrine grew more and more iconoclastic. In the process of integration with the nations around them, it was necessary to follow a creed which would as nearly approach the religion of Christianity as would be permissible. Consequently, Reform began a fanatical process of rejection, repudiating the most essential elements of Orthodoxy, included among which were the return to Palestine, symbolism and ritualism, and a great number of Orthodox customs and beliefs.

A reaction against this extremist doctrine was bound to follow. First signs of it came in the nature of a revolt among certain intellectual elements in American Jewry in 1886 when, at the Convention of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (the present Reform body) resolutions were passed that were regarded as radical. At that time a number of congregations revolted from the Union and started the Seminary Association. It was then that the term "Conservative" was coined. Preceding the World War, Conservative Judaism was put on an organized basis with the formation of the United Synagogue of America. Speaking of the relation of Conservative to Reform Judaism, Dr. Solomon Schechter, the founder of the United Synagogue, in his address, declared:

> What we intend to accomplish is not to create a new party but to consolidate an old one, which has always existed in this country but was never conscious of its own strength nor, perhaps, realized the need of organization. I refer to the large number of Jews who, thoroughly American in habits of life and in mode of thinking and, in many cases, imbued with the best culture of the day, have always maintained conservative principles and remained aloof from the Reform movement which swept the country. They are sometimes stigmatized as the Neo-Orthodox. This is not correct. Their Orthodoxy is not new. It is as old as the hills, and the taunt "new" can only be accounted for by the ignorance of those who took it into their heads that an observant Jew, who has taken a degree in college, is a new phenomenon, representing a mere paradox. A better knowledge of Jewish history would have taught them that culture combined with religion was the rule with the Jew; culture without religion was the exception. The "New" Orthodoxy represents very little that is new. It was the normal state of the Jew in Spain; it was the normal state of the Jew in Italy; it was the normal state of the Jew in England and Holland; it was the normal state of the Jew even in Germany, after the first calming down of the deluge, of the rationalism that came in the wake of the French Revolution, which swept over that country and the traces of which are more discernible on the shores of the North Atlantic than on the banks of the Rhine. The frame of mind which insists upon the unbridgeable chasm between the intelligentzia and devotion and loyalty to the religion of the fathers is, at present, limited to the few countries in the far East just emerging from a state of barbarism, as is the case with Russia.

Thus, the beginnings of Conservative Judaism in America arose in part through dissatisfaction with the creed of Reform. But the disaffection from Reform has been slowly gaining momentum from within its own ranks. Its leaders, intelligent rabbis, have become dissatisfied with their own creed. Some time ago Rabbi Louis I. Newmann, one of the brilliant Reform ministers in America, startled his followers with the assertion that Reform Jews were more concerned with being liberal than with being religious and that they had been more interested in what to reject in religion than what to accept. Rabbi Newman's diatribe was followed by that of another Reform rabbi, Dr. Louis I. Witt of Chicago, who came out publicly for a reformation of Reform Judaism. He deplored the process of dilution and intellectualization which, under the label of Reform, had taken the heart out of Judaism and

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rendered the religious faith of the Reform Jew a "cold, unemotional, uninspiring thing." He wanted more mysticism, more soul, more galvanizing fervor in modern Reform Judaism. The spectacle of Reform rabbis in revolt was startling enough, but it was supplemented by the revolutionary attitude of the president of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, the seat of Reform Judaism in America. Dr. Morgenstern delivered an address before the students of the college on "Is Reform Judaism a Failure?" Some months ago, Dr. Morgenstern astounded the Jewish world by the incredible statement that the solution of the plight of the Orthodox Jews in Soviet Russia lay in the founding of a strong Reform movement there. But in his address on the status of Reform Judaism, the eminent educator was not so sure of his ground, especially as regards the attitude of Reform toward the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine.

It is in the Palestine question, also, that the philosophy of Reform has undergone a remarkable metamorphosis. Despite the fact that the proponents of Reform have always been opposed to what they term the consideration of Judaism and Jewish history in terms of political nationalism, there are a number of Reform rabbis who hold high office in the administration of the American Zionist Organization, while thousands of Reform Jews are acknowledged Zionists. In fact, we find Rabbi Barnet Brickner, a Reform minister of Cleveland, telling the delegates at the annual convention of the Zionist Organization of America last June that Jewish nationalism is making great inroads among the Reform element.

These facts, sufficient within themselves to denote the changing concepts of Reform, are amplified by further developments in the swing toward Orthodoxy. As part of the proceedings of the Central Conference of American (Reform) Rabbis in convention recently, resolutions were adopted instituting "Kol Nidrei," the most sacred hymn of the Orthodox creed, as part of the Reform hymnal and also adopting "Hatikvah," the anthem of the Zionists, as their official song. In addition there is a growing tendency for Reform rabbis to employ Orthodox rites in the ministration of their services. Cantors to chant hymns in the traditionally Orthodox manner are also used by many temples, and visiting Orthodox rabbis are welcomed into Reform congregations where, years ago, they would not have been given a hearing.

The swing of the extreme factions of Judaism to the traditional is an instance of the sublimated spirituality that comes in the wake of excessive materialism. Reform Judaism, having rejected everything possible in Judaism, as Rabbi Newman implies, is now engaged in the saner course of choosing what to accept. While the trend is from the Reform to the Conservative, it is only one step to the Orthodox Judaism of the Bible. Conservative Judaism has an immense appeal to Jews in the American environment because it unquestionably offers a progressive form of Judaism that does not repudiate tradition. It has found a goodly number of sympathizers among those who believe that there is no real orthodoxy in America. Indubitably, it is not the uncompromising Orthodoxy of eastern Europe, nor is it even the milder Orthodoxy of England. Although Orthodoxy, so-called, is still the bulwark of Judaism in America, with the Americanization of European Jews there is a seeping disaffection from the Orthodox to the Conservative. The religious emancipation that Reform Judaism set out to accomplish is also being best effected by the middle course of Conservatism. Or rather, the political and religious emancipation of the Jew being a *fait accompli,* Reform has attempted to make the Jew religious but has failed dismally. For the Jew has still something of the Oriental in him and his soul cries out for some form of mysticism. Orthodoxy and Conservatism supply this; Reform does not. The result is the swing to old standards.

Reform Judaism has been successful to a great extent in the United States simply because the generation adhering to its precepts have been born into it, but it really has made few converts. Judaism in America, heretofore distinguished by a deplorable superficiality, is awakening to a new interest in its history and background. The whole tendency at the present time is in the direction of taking a more wholesome interest in things intensely Jewish. This may be witnessed in the rapid growth of the Zionist movement, which impresses on the Jew his need for a separate nation and culture which may be adumbrated to the world at large. The anti-Jewish discrimination, both in Europe and in America, have contributed toward this awakening spirituality. There is not only under way a reformation of Reform Judaism but a spiritual renaissance that affects every form of thought in Jewry. The awakening is taking the form of an approach toward the idealism of historic Judaism. In this respect the trend is in sharp contrast to tendencies in other religions, where Orthodoxy is confronted with increasing neologism.

A Christmas Carol of Doves

In Bethlehem stable, the doves spoke low:
"What can we do for His poor, rough bed?"
"I can give Him my feathers soft and white.
I can give Him my feathers," the mother dove said.
"We too," said the young doves, "We too, too, too!"

"I can shelter Him over with wide, warm wings;
I can nestle Him close to me, warm and sweet;
I can croon Him to sleep with my 'Coo' and 'Coo,'
I can cover with feathers His wee, swathed feet."
"We too," said the young doves, "We too, too, too!"

Smiled Mary, "'Tis I, am His Own mother dove;
His nest is all downy and warm with my love!
Come close, little mother, white-breasted and shy;
We will watch Him together and sing lullaby.
We will watch Him and worship the whole night through."
"We too," said the young doves, "We too, too, too!"

ALICE P. CLARK.

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FEAR, FORESIGHT AND FINANCE

By JOHN CARTER

EVERY other day, if not oftener, we are augustly reminded that it is our duty to buy until it hurts, if we wish to bring to an end the present economic depression. Our business leaders assure us that the basis of panic is purely psychological and that recovery will come when we, as a nation, conquer our present fears and return to the overburdened market. Rotarians in convention assembled solemnly lynch repulsive effigies of Old Man D. Pression and of his ungainly daughter, Miss Fortune. Every dollar which we refrain from spending, even if we have not got it, is counted as a loss to the business community and from press, pulpit, radio and screen we are adjured to buy now and keep on buying.

This diagnosis of distress is so accurate that it is extremely doubtful whether its economic practitioners realize the implications of their prescription. Fear *is* at the root of our economic distress, but in an altogether different sense from that which is commonly assumed. Every dollar which is withheld from the market is worse than a loss to the economic community. Yet it is hardly fair to brand as economic slackers men who are, at worst, exercising only common prudence and who are, at best, actuated by the very motives which have created our economic system—fear and foresight.

Take, for example, the case of a man who owes a couple of hundred dollars for merchandise purchased on the "buy now" principle, and who is in turn owed three or four hundred dollars by a solvent commercial organization. Such a case actually exists; probably there are thousands of such. This man's bills are overdue by a month. The money owed him by the corporation, for services actually rendered and acknowledged under contract, is likewise a month overdue. He is technically solvent but actually embarrassed. His credit is good but that does not help his creditors. When he thinks of the dozen or more men, in needier circumstances than his own, who have extended him credit, he feels badly. When he reads day after day the full-page "Buy Now" advertisement of the corporation which owes him money, he feels bitter. In the meantime, common prudence demands that he should incur as few additional liabilities as possible, until his debtor enables him to discharge the liabilities which he has already assumed. If his attitude is one of economic defeatism he is not to be blamed for it. It has been forced on him by his debtor and, involuntarily, he is forcing a similar attitude on his creditors.

The real trouble is not with immediate fear of insolvency which makes men be careful with their cash in times of troubles; that is logical, human and justifiable. The fear which creates depression is the fear which underlies our entire economic system and which is generally gilded and dished up as thrift and foresight.

In our haphazard society, the individual is exposed to the greatest risks conceivable in a civilized community. He is dependent on the other members of society for labor, for services, for wages, for markets, for income. If anything goes wrong with the general economic system, he suffers, and he is suffering today by millions. The system has as yet devised no mechanism for protecting its members against itself. At the same time, the system leaves the individual to bear unaided the full brunt of individual catastrophe. Worse yet, we are still sufficiently predatory to prey on weakness or disadvantage in others, and our legal, medical and funeral costs are an indictment of our social charity. The result is that men wisely fear the future. They are bound to make strenuous individual efforts to anticipate and to forestall the future emergencies which may, and generally do, befall them.

These emergencies are illness and unemployment, old age and death. Look at it as you will, it is our fear of illness, our fear of involuntary idleness, our fear of being outstripped by younger competitors, and our fear of leaving our dependents helpless after our dissolution, that underlie the individual's frantic efforts to keep going. A man wants to make sure that, whatever happens, his wife and children will have food and clothing, a roof over their heads, fuel, education, medical attention and a fair start in life. It is vastly to the credit of the average man that he should accept these huge risks and should strive to offset them by accumulating reserves and by sharing in the profits of others, through savings and investments; that he should strive to avoid the insecurity and the waste of rent by owning his own house, and that he should take out insurance against disaster. It is fear—or foresight—which has made us a nation of individual capitalists. It is foresight—or fear—which has brought this system into its collective difficulties.

The means which an individual employs to anticipate the future are simple and natural. He saves what he can out of his income, salary or wages. He takes out life insurance or his employer does so on his behalf. He obtains money from a building or loan association for the purchase of a little home. If he has a couple of years of good luck he may even manage to invest in a small lot of industrial securities. He may share in a bequest, win a prize or invent something useful, like the telephone or Eskimo Pie. Somehow or other, by hook or crook, he accumulates a small reserve against those rainy days which come inevitably in even the sunniest life. He has to cope with doctors' bills, with dentists, with school expenses, with increased taxes, with higher prices or with a rising standard of

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living. He is practically forced to buy a car, a radio and an electric iron, and so forth, on instalments, and eventually becomes the owner of a more or less mortgaged amount of capital, real, personal or liquid, as his only insurance against catastrophe. This is foresight.

It is also fatal. For the inevitable result of this system is to divert funds from the financing of consumption to the financing of production and distribution. Inasmuch as our productive equipment is now ample to supply the needs of the entire world, if the world would let us, it is rather stupid to add to our means of production. Out of all this painful self-privation, this timid thrift, out of all these pathetic efforts to build personal fortunes on a shoe-string of capital, emerge those great mountains of capital down the slopes of which pour new and undisciplined cascades of production.

In effect, out of every $10.00 of income, we set aside $1.00 for new investments. Income, socially speaking, is the means by which we finance consumption. Under the rediscount privilege of the Federal Reserve System, national income closely approximates national commercial distribution. The wealth that is created by industry is, therefore, accompanied by the creation of financial means adequate to secure its consumption. If then, the American people—out of fear or foresight, call it what you will—subtract one-tenth of the sum given them with which to buy each other's goods and services, they thereby automatically create a deficiency of buying power. If, moreover, this tenth is promptly utilized to create new means of production, the result is increased overproduction. The two forces meeting together, create an inevitable and a painful economic vacuum, which can be filled only by unemployment.

For example, in the decade of 1920-1929, the American people subscribed over sixty billion dollars of capital to underwrite new foreign and domestic investments. Of this sum, about eight and a half billions were invested abroad, leaving more than fifty-one billions of capital taken out of American consumption in a decade and piled up in productive enterprise. This has cost us, on the average, a gross loss of five billions a year in the purchasing power of the American people. The tide of investment, however, has been mounting, and in 1929, over ten billions of dollars were thus diverted from consumption to production, while preliminary figures for 1930—a year of great need for financing consumption—indicated that eight billion dollars would be similarly sterilized.

Perhaps four billion dollars would cover the amount of this investment which is still secured by bank advances and brokers loans, leaving close to forty-seven billion dollars which has come out of the pockets of the American people in a decade of convulsive and skin-deep prosperity. In this decade, our people have added fifteen billion dollars to their savings deposits. This is often alluded to by political orators; it should cause economists to shudder. In order to pay interest on these deposits, the banks must reinvest the funds in profitable enterprises, thereby adding our individual savings to the finances of production and subtracting them from the finances of consumption.

In the same period, we have paid more than thirteen billion dollars to life insurance companies, as premiums, over and above the sums expended by those companies for operating expenses. Life insurance funds must also be invested, if the companies are to remain solvent and meet claims, and so thirteen billion more go into production and out of consumption. Over twelve billion dollars were added to the surplus funds of corporations in this decade, whether as reserves to offset depreciation or as assets out of which emergency expenses could be met. Naturally, this money may not be kept idle and it is also utilized to underwrite investments. Finally, about six billion dollars has been invested through building and loan associations in the public's one legitimate capital investment, the acquisition of housing. These savings and investments total over forty-six and a half billions for the prosperous decade of 1920-1929, and coincide with the amount previously determined as the sum which had been scraped together as new capital and thereby removed from its legitimate occupation in financing consumption. Fear has cut our buying power by five billions of dollars a year.

More ominous still, each year has tended to increase the top-heavy burden of capital. The year 1929 was the first in more than a decade in which our savings deposits actually decreased. Insurance assets show a steady growth from less than a billion in 1920 to two and a third billions in 1929. Building loans and corporate surpluses fluctuate more directly with reference to the industrial situation. Types of investments, moreover, altered radically. In 1921, 88 percent of all capital investments were in bonds, 12 percent in stocks; in 1928, 72 percent were stocks and 28 percent bonds. The desire to participate in industrial profits had outstripped the desire for a safe investment, with results that were only too painfully apparent to anyone who watched the ticker in that great and solemn referendum between the Federal Reserve Board and the National City Bank, which began in October, 1929, and has been going on ever since.

Moreover, all of these figures for savings and investments are admittedly incomplete. They cover only that small class of transactions which is a matter of public record. They take no account of money kept in tin boxes, old socks or silk stockings, no account of direct investments consummated without benefit of broker, and of other private or semi-private arrangements. They should suffice, however, to demonstrate the fact that it is our own foresight as individuals which is driving American society to wreck its own machinery for the distribution of wealth.

In other words, so long as we invest eight or nine billions of dollars a year out of an annual national income of ninety billions, we shall be reducing our direct purchasing power and overstimulating our productive

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power, thereby producing a serious dislocation of our entire system. And it is difficult to see how we can eliminate the fear which gives us economic foresight, without destroying that entire capitalistic system.

Under our system, such occasional dislocations are inevitable. So long as the individual fears the future, he must take appropriate measures for financial self-protection. So long as those measures lead him to deprive himself of superfluities, his thrift will not only impoverish his economic neighbors but will return to strike him in one of our scandalous and recurrent cycles of overproduction and unemployment, of abundance and destitution, of wealth and despair. Not the fear that leads men to go slowly in hard times, but the fear that leads men to go without in times of plenty, that is the enemy of our civilization. And until we devise a system which promises the average man that he and his will be taken care of, share and share alike, in times of plenty as in times of dearth, fear and foresight will continue to be the most destructive, as they are the most creative of the elements controlling our economic commonwealth.

NOTRE DAME'S TRIUMPH

By HERBERT REED

NOTRE DAME walked off the past season, for the second time in a row, with the undisputed football championship of the United States. It is true that here and there is an undefeated team, but none have gone through such a schedule as that tackled by the South Bend squad. There are enthusiasts who point to Captain Tom Conley's team as the greatest in the history of the game. Knute K. Rockne, the famous Notre Dame coach, is not sure, it seems, whether this team is as good as or better than his eleven of some years ago that was led by Harry Stuhldreher and the rest of the "Four Horsemen," Miller, Layden and Crowley. So, having followed Notre Dame football ever since it was really founded by Jesse Harper, a pupil of Stagg's from Chicago, at a time when Rockne was a player and a member of the famous Dorais-Rockne forward-passing combination, I am going to rely somewhat upon my own judgment in estimating this team.

In the first place, it had a first-class kicking game, something that most Notre Dame elevens do without. The kicking game of Stuhldreher's team was mediocre to say the most. It so happened that it was not greatly needed, but without a truly great kicking game this year, put on by the remarkable Frank Carideo, Notre Dame would have been in much greater danger than it was against both Northwestern and the Army. It turned out that it never was in danger against Southern California, for on that day the men of South Bend had reached not merely the peak of their play, but the apex of football emotionalism. And this last is a big factor in football, as any of the psychologists will tell you.

Let us see how this emotional state was reached. In the first place, Rockne took to the "crying bucket" for the first time this season, outdoing the famous Gloomy Gil Dobie of Cornell at his best. He began predicting defeats as early as the game with Carnegie Tech. And he kept it up with considerable consistency to the finish. However, I believe most of this was for public consumption, and had little effect on the team, for this was a highly self-confident team if ever I saw one. The real uplift in the team's morale came through misfortunes, two in a row, and both of them big ones.

With Carideo handling the generalship, the kicking, the passing, and in general dominating the play in a manner seldom achieved by any quarterback in the long and varied history of the game, the Rockne finesse called for a neatly coördinated backfield, one of great mutual timing—a counting of steps, and a distribution of blocking assignments—always seen at its best in one of Notre Dame's great teams. Any monkey wrench hurled into such machinery was bound to make trouble. The first blow, therefore, was the loss of Joe Savoldi, probably the greatest fullback in the country up to the time of his disappearance from the scene, a blow that came after the Pennsylvania game, in which contest Notre Dame showed a coördination of attack seldom attained on any field. On that day I doubt if any eleven could even have delayed the South Benders. Behind superb work in the forward wall, perfect blocking, and the running guard interference of Bert Metzger, the 154-pound line wonder, the backfield of Frank Carideo, Martin Brill, Marchmont Schwartz and Joe Savoldi, was clicking off the yardage as sweetly as it ever was done by the "Four Horsemen" at their best.

The loss of Savoldi meant the breaking up of a practically perfect set of four at a time when Notre Dame was to meet Northwestern and the Army—the latter a team that has always shown the best type of defense of any in the country against the men of South Bend. And right in this game the team showed that it was an organization rather than a mere machine. The elasticity of the play absorbed Mullins at fullback in place of Savoldi, and he fitted perfectly. Indeed, his own running through the guard positions on fake spinner plays and fake reverses had much to do in support of Carideo's great kicking of a soggy ball that put the soldiers always on the defensive. Prior to that, in the affair at Evanston, Dan Hanley had fitted in to perfection. So in two weeks there were two cases of perfect readjustment of a team that had been hit

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by the toughest of luck. It is not the coach that makes that possible, but the spirit of the team itself.

Coming through the very hard Army encounter, it was discovered on the way to the Pacfic coast that Mullins was out of action through injury. It was possible to fall back on Dan Hanley of course, but even so the loss of Mullins was a severe handicap. He had just begun to show the football of which he was really capable, and the other backs were working with him perfectly. Here was a new problem which was to be solved in a new way. Dan Hanley was used to be sure, but suddenly O'Connor was turned loose against the bewildered cohorts of Howard Jones. And he, too, fitted into that backfield to perfection.

In the matter of plays Rockne, who has been steadily polishing up what Harper had taught him, and developing the marvelous blocking for which Notre Dame is famous, on his own initiative, had given Carideo the best attack possible under the existing rules. Odd that it should remain for Rockne, a consistent and sometimes savage critic of the Football Rules Committee, to turn on in this final game just the type of play that the committee had hoped would be developed under the modern regulations. The much discussed lateral pass worked against Southern California, and it was proved that there was plenty in the play if the proper men were taught to develop it. For this little exhibition, so cheering to those who love resourceful and open attack, considerable credit must go to Frank Shaughnessy, who helped Rockne devise the lateral pass offense, and has been a staunch supporter of the play ever since the fumble rule operated to protect it. It was Shaughnessy, too, who helped out Harvard with the play, so that the mere threat of it opened the way for Barry Wood's winning forward passes against Yale.

The fact that Notre Dame used the play, had confidence in it and made it work, should go far toward an endorsement that will be sufficient to convince some of the other coaches who have been slow in taking it up. I do not think Rockne is too greatly enamored of it himself, yet in principle he is a great believer in deception, and he is sufficiently practical to make use of every weapon at command.

Notre Dame played inspired football in its final game, some of that inspiration coming, as I have said, from the realization that misfortune could not wreck such a squad, and some from the feeling that with the nineteenth straight victory in sight, that victory was a plain duty.

Football followers who have never visited South Bend in the autumn, and so know little of the background against which these great Notre Dame teams flare up, are at a loss to explain the continued march of Rockne's men, who move "like an army with banners." It is man power, to be sure, and it is coaching —but above all it is the spirit of the institution itself. Most readers of this publication probably do not need to be told about the ball teams at Notre Dame, and Rockne himself has told how his squads are built up. But I think it is the outsider, the man who gets around to so many of the colleges in the football season, who is quickest to feel a real football atmosphere. I have been doing just that thing for more than a quarter of a century.

In the light of that experience I can truthfully say that I have found the real football spirit more strongly entrenched in the Catholic colleges than in the Protestant institutions in recent years. I might perhaps make an exception of Dartmouth, which in the matter of location, material and a closely knit undergraduate body is better situated than most of the universities that indulge in football. There is an unmistakable falling off in undergraduate participation in football of varsity caliber at Yale, Harvard and Princeton and other institutions that once reeked of the football atmosphere.

The game has had its ups and downs in the Catholic institutions, too. Major Frank Cavanaugh has in the last few years brought back the real football spirit to Fordham, and at Worcester there has been a great revival under the new head coach, Captain John McEwan, formerly head coach at West Point and Oregon, culminating in the smothering of Harvard and a close victory for Holy Cross over its ancient rival, Boston College, which had not been beaten by the Eagles in seven years. There are distractions at Georgetown that sometimes interfere with football. Villa Nova, under Stuhldreher, has been doing splendidly, putting up a magnificent game, though defeated, against the great Washington State eleven. It required, incidentally, another Catholic college team, St. Mary's from the Pacific coast, to spoil Fordham's record. Slip Madigan's men have been making it hot for the West coast teams for some years now. Here at home John Law, former Notre Dame captain, is rebuilding the game at Manhattan College, and Smith, another great guard from South Bend, has started a revival after many years, at Seton Hall. He had little good fortune this year, but has high hopes for the future.

This story started out to be all about Notre Dame. But it was necessary to point out some of the fruits of the Notre Dame influence, because it is undoubtedly to that influence that the sound position of football in other Catholic colleges can be traced to a very considerable extent.

Notre Dame is setting another example, and that is catholicity of schedule. Visits by Southern Methodist and the Navy to the new Notre Dame stadium marked the beginning of a new era, and President O'Donnell has already announced that Southern California will appear at South Bend next fall. In a word, Notre Dame is becoming a host instead of a visitor. This, I think, is an unmixed blessing. Perhaps some of these visitors will begin to understand that while Notre Dame is a unit on the subject of football, there are also scholastic interests at hand that do not lack for attention.

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A WALK WITH JANUARY

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

IT WAS a sooty morning that welcomed me when I arose at daybreak, and January left fingerprints over my cheeks. Soot mingled so thickly with the atmosphere that the mixture looked down on humanity with a furious frown.

The day previous, the thermometers had registered eighteen degrees above zero. When I went out, the weather had moderated, though not enough to knock the props from under pendant icicles. As my eyes groped a safe way for my body through blackened atmosphere, sootflakes and snowflakes divided the space equally between them. Astronomers estimate the number of bright stars in the heavens at hundreds of millions, and conjecture that there are equally as many dead ones in the same space. In this contrast between the white snowflakes and the black sootflakes, I can easily see a miniature picture of the bright and black celestial bodies.

As I walked along a sidewalk that sloped toward the gutter, a belated acorn from a willow oak dropped in front of me. It finally answered the still small voice of gravity, and fell with such force that it bounced two feet high, and froglike, kept leaping lower and lower at each jump until it bounded from the hard cement pavement into the soft rich soil, as if it had eyes to see and a brain to direct its movements. Its natural course was toward the gutter, since the slant in the sidewalk gave gravity the advantage. Just how it was able to make the opposite move I do not know, but I like to believe that possibly it was thinking of a future career as a tree citizen. In truth, it probably hit the pavement on its pointed top, at an angle that threw it bounding in opposition to the force of gravity.

Purple finches (which are purple only in name) were feeding among the hedgerows, associating with English sparrows. One who does not know this bird might justly suppose that it is an English sparrow that has fallen into a barrel of dull red paint. Who goes to the fields and woods to identify this bird from its common name, will never find it! I wonder where the nomenclator found a speck of purple about this bird's dress!

Lured by the elysian scent of freshly cut hickory wood, my nostrils led me by a factory that made canthooks. Piles of hickory logs, hickory bark and hickory sawdust perfumed the air for a block away. On the inside of the building lay stacks of finished canthooks arranged in bundles, each one ready to start on its journey to an assignment in the forest to aid man in slaying its brothers! Nothing unusual at all in this, for there are many members of the human family who devote their life work to destroying their brothers! But hickory canthook handles are excused, for when separated from the earth, they know only service, directed by human brawn and brains.

On a day in January the deciduous trees are simply carbon copies, whose bodies match well the complexion of the blackbirds that flock to their crowns. On my left, the squeaky chatterings and cacks from a full acre of blackbirds gave me a more interesting drama than vocal music. For half an hour they sat and chattered; then one bird left the acre, and the others followed. I watched the winged acre arrange the flock into the shape of a huge tennis racket, big end in front, and they floated northward, distance finally making them as silent as so much dead foliage, until they melted with the sooty atmosphere. What loyalty and coöperation may be observed among the blackbirds! Winter finds them following in the wake of the acorn crop, their food supply.

In a scarlet hawthorn tree a cecropia cocoon dangled temptingly before me. When I removed it, I found it had been robbed of its contents. Whether a squirrel or a bird committed the theft I do not know, but he did a complete job and left the empty silken bag and its brown leaf coat with a thorn thrust in the opening.

A bag swung lonely on the other side of the same tree, the maker of which had artistically camouflaged it with bits of leaves and twigs from the hawthorn. It was filled with many eggs, and tied so tightly to the twig that I had to use my sharpest knife to rip the tough silken thread from the twig. What a novel basket it was last summer when the tenant was able to reach out with her feet, pull the leaves to her and feast, while she sat comfortably in it! When insectivorous birds came near, she drew her head inside and pulled the flap over the top! This was the ingenious bagworm. When rain fell, she used the silken flap for a parasol and kept herself dry. But the bagworm left nothing except eggs on the inside, instead of the single pupa that had been left by the cecropia caterpillar.

The deciduous trees are very generous. They have given their nuts, their acorns, their foliage away, and have reserved nothing for themselves save a little starch stored in the buds and bark to help them burst forth in springtime. Unmatched unselfishness we find exemplified here. Carried to the same degree in the human family it might make us poor and keep us in poverty—but how spiritually rich! If man did not have to travel and could remain as stationary as the tree, he might be as generous with fruits of his productions.

A meadowlark's liquid note on a winter day like this is as healing to the soul as ointment is to an inflamed limb, and one of these joyful birds walking about in a vacant weedy lot seems literally to spill his music as he flies about. What a marked difference there is between the voice of this bird and the blackbird! It is utterly liquid music, and he who appreciates the pure silver notes of the wood thrush will also stand in awe when he hears the sterling notes of the meadowlark on a cold winter day.

Red, dead nettle was frozen stiff yesterday, and seemed to be still rigid, but its blossoms were rosy and behaved as if this type of weather is the kind that suits them best. May I shape my disposition in like manner!

The near-zero weather a few weeks ago left the evergreen foliage of Amoor River privet green, but the leaves on the California privet are lost, except for the faded, rusty specimens clinging here and there to the trembling branch.

My course led me through a 900-foot tunnel under Chattanoooga's Missionary Ridge. Nature repeatedly displays her skill in buildings things that surprise us, whether the weather is hot or cold. This tunnel for both pedestrians and vehicles has water constantly dripping overhead, and in cold weather it freezes as it flows. It had slowly built an array of huge icicles some of which hung down from six to eight feet. Many of them were heavy enough to crush the top of an automobile and to deal a serious blow to human beings. So there was my opportunity to play a game of tenpins as I had never played before. One tap of a small piece of ice was sufficient to break the pendant crystal off close to the point of wall connection, and down the icy stalactite crashed, the detonations being so magnified and multiplied that the tunnel became a roaring cavern. For an hour I tossed pieces of ice until I had cleared the tunnel of these dangerous stalactites. What rare sport this, that January gave me to close my walk into the great outdoor world! And so it is on every trip, for I have never gone, with open eyes and a mind eager to acquire knowledge, out beneath the skies without nature's surprising me with some special sight or novel experience.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

A New Shylock

SHAKESPEARE'S "Merchant of Venice" has yet to be given in a manner to captivate modern audiences. In many ways the play itself is poor—always excepting the exquisite poetry of its expression and the force of certain individual scenes. It wanders half way between comedy and tragedy, being born in a day when the defeat of the Jew moneylender connoted sheer comedy, yet finding a dozen ways in words and action to throw a large part of the sympathy of the audience toward Shylock. Its plot is utterly absurd—since Antonio's bond to Shylock, like many another contract, must have been invalid from the start, even without the theatrical trick assigned to Portia. But in spite of these obvious difficulties, which everyone would recognize, were it not for the sacrosanct halo around Shakespeare's head, it might still be possible to present the play as an antique curio, and with enough dynamic force and vitality to make it entertaining as a tour de force. It might, within its own limits, receive the kind of production that Jane Cowl has given "Twelfth Night" or that Eva LeGallienne has given "Romeo and Juliet."

A season or two ago, Winthrop Ames presented the play as a starring vehicle for George Arliss—vastly facilitating the mechanical movement of the play with ingenious and flexible settings by Woodman Thompson. Those settings were used again in Charles Dillingham's effort to enliven yet another revival by starring Maurice Moscovitch. If costumes and mechanical perfection could endow the play with glamor and life, no more could be asked. But none of Mr. Moscovitch's company, under the direction of Andrew Leigh, measured up to the true needs of the occasion, with the possible exception of Pouis Polan as the Prince of Morocco. For a few moments, when Mr. Polan was on the stage, the grateful spell of illusion descended upon the scene, and by the vigor and sincerity and distinction of his work, one was carried to the heart of Shakespeare's lines—words meant to tremble with human heart-beats, and not to be recited as pretty poetry by actors much concerned over listening to their own diction!

Hugh Buckler as Antonio showed something of the same quality as Mr. Polan, but in lesser degree and with a more mannered speech. The rest of the men in the supporting cast made a poor job of it, what with self-consciousness about their costumes and obvious embarrassment at speaking in blank verse, or, in other cases, with sheer lack of enough conviction. The Portia of Selena Royle was pleasurable to look at, and pleasant to hear, but never really emerged from the cool sphere of an acted part. It was always a bit too arch and a bit too preoccupied with the effect of gesture and expression.

Had Mr. Polan and Mr. Moscovitch had the stage to themselves, the old framework might have received an infusion of earnest warmth. Mr. Moscovitch elected to play Shylock in the vein of highest tragedy—with none of the sardonic malice and aristocratic contempt of George Arliss. This tragic note is certainly permissible. Granted the deep intensity of Mr. Moscovitch's playing, it may even be carried to reasonable extremes of passion and frustration. It does not happen to be the interpretation I prefer—for the reason that it makes the inconsistencies of the play all the more blatant. It is a direct bid for audience sympathy, in complete defiance of the obvious mood in which the play must have been constructed. It takes undue advantage of the few famous lines in which Shylock justifies his humanity, and seeks to make him a martyr to the temper of his day rather than to his own shortcomings and his own maniacal spirit of revenge. But long tradition has given it a recognized place, and Mr. Moscovitch fully lived up to his fine reputation on the non-English-speaking stage by his dignity, his flaming passion and his assumed moods of smeeching humility. It was only at the close of the trial scene that he definitely overacted, and by simulating something approaching apoplexy robbed the moment of its possible last touch of pathos.

On the whole, it would seem to be the part of good judgment to refrain from more revivals of the "Merchant" unless and until someone approaches it with a finely balanced cast, each member of which is filled with the conviction that Shakespeare wrote of men and women—even when his plots were bad—and not of half-trained actors on costume parade.

Petticoat Influence

THIS new comedy by Neil Grant, reaching American shores after a considerable run in London, combines in varied proportions some very clever satire at the expense of the British Colonial Office, some fluffy comedy to do with subtle feminine blackmail and that generally cynical and tolerant attitude toward marital infidelity which our profound critics euphoniously call "sophisticated."

The story chiefly concerns the question whether or not Richard Chalfont (John Williams) will get an appointment as governor of a distant island possession which he happens to know thoroughly. He is unquestionably the "best man for the job"—in his own mind, in fact and above all in the mind of his devoted and faintly stupid little wife, Peggy (Helen Hayes). Contriving against him is the Countess of Darnaway (Valerie Taylor), wife of Lord Darnaway the Colonial Secretary, and niece of the inane Lord Algernon Raytoun (Eric Cowley) who seriously wants the job of the island's governor. Quite by accident, Peggy Chalfont unearths the fact that the countess has spent part of the previous winter in Switzerland in company with Lord Darnaway's private secretary, Reggie Melcombe (Reginald Owen). The blackmail hold over the situation which this information gives Peggy is used to such mixed effect that the countess surprises her husband by suddenly pleading Chalfont's cause, arousing many husbandly suspicions and generally creating a farce comedy situation from which a happy ending is, of course, assured.

The cynical aspect of the play lies in the utter complacence with which Lord Darnaway accepts the knowledge of his wife's infidelity, and with which all the other characters view the actions of Melcombe and the countess. In the current jargon of criticism, this is supposed to be "the civilized manner." Even to suggest that people who care so little for fundamentals are hardly worth writing about is to invite the accusation of being old-fashioned and crude—almost, one might suppose, "uncivilized," were it not for the fact that civil codes are meant to foster and protect fundamentals, and that those who use the word civilized to denote mental and moral anarchy are talking sheer nonsense.

The only commendable parts of the play are its apt and revealing lines, packed with light malice and satirical barbs,

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and its generally exceptional acting. Henry Stephenson is at his best as Darnaway, and Helen Hayes, with great honesty, sacrifices all stellar instincts by playing Peggy Chalfont for the somewhat stupid and blundering child she was obviously intended to be.

In many respects, I am sorry to see Miss Hayes return to the drawing-room comedy from which fate had kindly freed her for several years. She is excellent in the work, as in all else she undertakes, but it does not give her the chance for thoroughgoing characterization—a task at which she is supreme. There are literally dozens of personable young actresses who can move gaily through the lines of a drawing-room comedy, some even with real distinction, but there are only three or four actresses on our stage today who can take a character of positive qualities, and through the self-abandonment of real artistry make that character something apart, distinct and engrossing. Miss Hayes is one of those three or four, and it is a waste of her time and of ours, to use her in utterly conventional rôles. As Maggie Wylie, as the heroine of "Coquette," or even as the girl in "Mr. Gilhooley," Miss Hayes could give rein to her creative artistry. She would make an amazing Anna Christie. But by all means let us have done with Miss Hayes as a social nitwit—be her work ever so faithful and honest and self-sacrificing. (At the Empire Theatre.)

The Blue Angel

LIKE the first talkie of Greta Garbo, the first sound film of Emil Jannings, is a notable event. In the present instance, the vehicle for the occasion is a maudlin and humorless affair, produced under UFA auspices, in which, after the Berlin fashion, sensual details are freely played up for their own sake and with a disagreeably leering quality. But that fact does not lessen by one iota the actual worth of Janning's own performance, nor the significance of the fact that plays can be written in which, by clever arrangement, the apparent barriers of language can be surmounted successfully and plausibly.

The story, which is the rather trite one of an old man making a tragic fool of himself over a cabaret singer, is placed in Germany. The old professor (Jannings) is a teacher of English literature, who insists that all the boys in his class talk English. The cabaret singer (Marlene Dietrich) is supposed to be an American. This combination of circumstances gives a reasonable excuse for English being spoken in every scene that counts. The few passages in German are so easily understood by the pantomime that the entire effect is authentic and unforced. Exceptionally fine photography, swift and intelligent sequences and a minimum of dialogue all contribute to make the picture an excellent and hopeful product from the purely technical aspect.

But since technical excellence is marred so frequently by the detailed material, it is only the work of Jannings that deserves comment for its own sake. Speech helps, if anything, his mastery of screen technique. He is an artist of detail down to the least motion of his hands. When, for comedy, he repeats a certain scene, such as the morning opening of his classes, he is careful to give just the right bit of variety and change. He fully conveys the man of routine habits, without the absurdity of identical actions. In the tragedy which follows his marriage to the cabaret singer, in his slow decline to a low comedy actor, and in his final madness and death, he reaches rare heights of tragedy. It is good to know that he can now be numbered among the few great artists of the talking screen. (At the Rialto Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

"BELOVED DAUGHTER OF THE CHURCH"

Frankford, Pa.

TO the Editor: Just what is the truth about the spiritual condition of France—"Fille aimée de l'église"? Here in America one hears so many conflicting opinions expressed: on the one hand that religious sentiment is dead in France, on the other hand, that there has been a great spiritual rebirth since the war. As is usually the case, the truth lies somewhere between the two extreme opinions. May I give some of my impressions of conditions as I saw them?

As to the first statement, it has been said that the Church is losing ground, that many parishes are abandoned, that religious vocations are few and the art of spiritual direction is dead. It is true that there is a dearth of priests in France. Many were called, or volunteered, for active service in the trenches and in ambulance corps during the war. Some of them died defending their country, or returned broken in health. Thus, the generation of young men who should be supplying today's candidates for ordination was almost wiped out during the war. Moreover, there is a law which forbids most religious communities in France to have novitiates. This has resulted in steadily diminishing numbers of religious. As a direct result of this some parishes are without priests, practically all the curés are without assistants, and there are not enough religious to "carry on." The priests are overwhelmed with the administrative and catechetical work in the parishes, and have not the time to devote to the spiritual direction of their penitents.

I have heard comments made about the scarcity of men at Holy Mass. It must be remembered that men are in the minority in France. Then the government is actively anti-religious; it is a social and business handicap to be pious. Some positions are closed to "believers," and advancement is impossible, often, to anyone known to be "dévot." Hence there are many who hesitate to show their piety, who refuse to handicap their children's material future by sending them to catechism, by having them make their First Communion publicly, etc. Piety under an anti-religious government must be cloaked—or killed. I wonder what the survival percentage would be in our country if social and financial advancement were jeopardized by practising religion?

Though the majority of votes must be controlled by Catholic voters, they have little influence, due to the complexity of the political situation, and the inability—or disinclination—of the French to organize for action. The Catholics are not united: a few would accept the republican form of government; these are anathema to the Catholic Royalists, who in turn are divided in their opinions. Thus, during the last two years, in spite of splendid rallies gotten up to demonstrate the strength of the Catholic vote, in spite of the growing menace of Communist and Socialist votes, the Catholics scattered their votes and thus lost many of the seats they had controlled in the Chamber of Deputies.

Another thing which has puzzled and scandalized many, is the *Action Française* affair. Just how the French were duped and led by Léon Daudet into such a ridiculous situation seems inexplicable. The situation became tragic, of course, with the papal condemnation, and the resulting revolt and refusal to submit, on the part of many. In one of the dioceses most grievously affected by the defection, the young people organized into the Croises du Pape (Papal Crusaders), pledging their allegiance to our Holy Father, which they advertise on all possible occasions. No doubt similar organizations will spring

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up throughout all France. But the *Action Française* is still published, sold and read widely.

One of the anti-religious activities of the government is its present effort to suppress the *écoles libres* (parish schools) in favor of *l'école unique* (public school only). As yet there has been no law passed forbidding the functioning of the parish schools, but the public schools are trying to win all the pupils by advertising their superior merits, etc.

La Grande Chartreuse, the Carthusian mother house, seized by the government about twenty-five years ago, has since been maintained as a historical monument. This year the government issued an invitation to all students, all professors, even of foreign lands, to come and live in the monastery and spend a pleasant summer there at the government's expense! Not many students came. Some professors came from foreign countries. Feeling ran very high in Grenoble and throughout Isère, the state where the Chartreuse is situated. Each day one of the newspapers had an account of the number of professors and students in the monastery. Long articles were published, dealing with the history of the monastery. When a new professor came, public letters were addressed to him each morning, protesting his presence within the sacred walls. Usually the desired result was obtained—the professor left at once. I have not heard whether or not the government intends to continue its vacation colony next year.

The work by the French religious orders in the colonies has been invaluable to the government, in introducing to the natives French ideas and culture. The law forbidding novitiates hit the mission communities, and young missionaries were brought from Italy. Thus, one day, the anticlerical government found its colonial missions in the hands of a rival nation. So important to the government is it that the missions should be in the hands of French priests that the Premier offered a law permitting the resumption of the novitiate in certain French communities—and the law was passed.

Catholics began to see dimly that if they had united to resist the anti-religious laws of twenty-five years ago, the government could not have forced the expulsion of the religious. The cry now is, "Come back." In several dioceses, the bishops have invited the religious to return and have offered to be responsible for anything that might happen. Everything was done openly, the religious returned, and were not molested.

Since the war a new respect and reverence is shown to the priests. Did they not brave death with the soldiers in the trenches? La Ligue des Anciens Combattants is formed of priests who were in active service. The league organizes demonstrations of Catholic men from time to time. The Abbé Doncoeur and the Abbé Bergey are usually at these meetings, patriotic addresses are made, and Catholic action is organized. The importance of these meetings is recognized by the Socialists and Communists who always arrange to have a demonstration the same day.

There are many activities indicative of religious health. There are well organized troops of Catholic Boy Scouts led by seminarians or by young priests, though their growth is handicapped by a lack of young men for Scout leaders, and by a certain dislike of the French to have their children mingle with those from other social milieux. There are the *colonies de vacance,* summer camps where groups stay for several weeks at a time under the guidance of religious. Each year there is a Semaine Sociale, a sort of congress, held in some large city where serious social problems are considered, such as home life and conditions among working people. The proceedings are published each year, forming a valuable record of the Catholic attitude toward these problems, and of the Catholic idea of how they may be solved.

In Paris there is a small group of ardent Catholics who have organized Les Journées d'Art. Their leader is "Jacques Debout"—the Abbé René Roblot. They publish a little magazine, *Les Cahiers Catholiques,* many of whose contributors are well known here—Henri Ghéon, Marguerite Du Portal, Jacques Maritain, Emile Baumann, Georges Goyau, Jean Nesmy, Henriette Charasson, Colette Yver and others. They have formed a theatrical troop and, in the interests of Catholic art, have quite a repertory of good plays in the Théâtre Chrétien. Each year the troop tours France. Often the group, Art et Foi, arranges for an exhibit of Christian art. Religious pictures, statues and cards of real artistic merit are displayed. Lectures are given on Christian art. A specially trained choir demonstrates the beauty of some of our neglected church music—popular canticles as well as Gregorian chants are executed. Poetry written by the members of the *Cahiers* is read. Out of this movement has grown the Maison d'Art Catholique at Paris, where may be found for sale copies of ancient beautiful statues and paintings, as well as the best of "modernistic" religious articles. The Edition Spes, also in league with the group Art et Foi, prints beautifully artistic editions of religious books.

The work of modern French philosophers and scientists, such as J. Maritain and Jacques Chevalier—"Pertinax"—in upholding Catholic ideals is so well known that I merely pause to mention them. Such a movement, though necessarily limited in scope, is wide in indirect influence.

Of great importance are the new insurance laws. The government has just organized the old-age insurance and pension laws. Everyone is insured now, and has the right to designate by what channel he wishes to pay, and to receive, insurance. The Catholics have organized to form a special body to receive and pay insurances. If all Catholics could be persuaded to designate this body as the one with which they desire to deal, the influence on Catholic life in France would be immense. The administrators are planning for the day when hospitals, homes for incurables, crèches, insane asylums, tuberculosis sanitaria, clinics, schools, summer vacation homes, medical care can all be provided free for those who are insured with them. With the growth of so many Catholic agencies for the service of society, Catholic prestige should rise. The Assurance Sociale is already under way. Missionary workers and persuasive Catholic speakers are visiting even the remotest parishes soliciting the cooperation of all the Catholic people. If the Catholics in France would unite for Catholic action they could realize the dream wherein the Church would become again, actively, what she was—a complete society caring for all needs of body and soul.

ALICE M. RUSSELL.

ON JUDGE CLARK'S OPINION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The constitutional question involved in the opinion of United States District Judge William Clark presents a question which is not novel, but which has been given careful study by many of the most eminent lawyers in the United States, an overwhelming majority of whom hold the opposite view.

Almost every possible constitutional and legal objection has already been raised to the Eighteenth Amendment and all have been judicially disposed of. The record of the effort to have the Eighteenth Amendment declared unconstitutional is known to all and needs no further explanation. The question as to the constitutionality of the Eighteenth Amendment has been

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judicially answered in all respects except as it is now held in Judge Clark's opinion, that the Eighteenth Amendment is unconstitutional because, succinctly stated, the same was not adopted by Constitutional Conventions in three-fourths of the States.

The power of amendment as established by Article V of the Constitution has not been limited in any way by the Tenth Amendment or otherwise, for these summarized reasons:

First: The argument that, even without the Tenth Amendment, it is implicit in the Constitution that rights reserved to the people cannot be taken away or modified by amendment to the Constitution under Article V without referendum to the people in Constitutional Convention, although philosophically attractive, is not historically and legally supportable. It cannot be denied that considerable opinion to this effect existed at the time of the adoption of the Consitution and the first ten amendments, but it cannot be argued that this opinion prevails over the expressed language of the Constitution and amendments themselves. Furthermore, this argument is based upon an assumption that the right to drink intoxicating liquors is a reserved right. It has never been constitutionally or legally established that the right to drink intoxicating liquors is a reserved right as implied in "the blessings of liberty," which the Constitution was ordained to preserve. This is only an epicurean and bacchanalian concept and not a legally established proposition. Article V when adopted was, and now is, in derogation of the rights not only of the several states, but also of the people of those states.

Second: The argument that the Tenth Amendment restricted Article V, in that it requires proposed amendments to the Constitution involving rights alleged to be reserved to the people, to be submitted to Constitutional Conventions of the people, no matter how alluring, is untenable. There is no inconsistency between Article V and the Tenth Amendment.

Third: Article V itself provides that Congress itself shall have the right to propose and select the method of ratification, and the Supreme Court of the United States itself has several times so expressly ruled. The method of ratification having been proposed by Congress, such proposed method is exclusive and final.

Fourth: Article V made the state legislatures the agents of the people to adopt amendments and therefore, even assuming that certain rights of the people cannot be derogated, except by their consent, as being reserved to them, this does not prevent the legislatures from legislating in respect thereof as the proper agency of the people in giving the people's consent.

Fifth: The power to make amendments having been delegated to the United States by Article V, and such amendments not having been prohibited by it to the states, there were no powers of amendment reserved by the Tenth Amendment "to the states respectively or to the people." This conclusion has been affirmed by the Supreme Court and has been repeatedly assumed by it.

Sixth: Although it might be argued with some supporting reason that the "exact" question was not "specifically" presented to the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called "national prohibition cases," I am of the opinion that it was at least sufficiently suggested and implied so as not to justify the assumption that it entirely escaped the consideration of the United States Supreme Court. On the contrary, even though the court's opinion does not specifically dispose of the question, the arguments and briefs and the questions involved would more than justify the opinion that the question was considered and disposed of in a way deemed adequate by the court.

My opinion does not, however, import that nothing should be done. I think a definite program should be devised, adopted and courageously employed to cause the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Its repeal, however, should be the determined wish and vote of the people of the United States, meeting their wish in a direct manner and not by legalistic argument, subterfuge or evasion. I think that defeating an amendment by legalistic argument will give rise, in those believing in the principle of the Eighteenth Amendment, to many of the objections which are now made by those opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment and will in some quarters produce a greater disrespect for law and its procedure. The issue is such that it should be met squarely. If the question involved in the Eighteenth Amendment is a right of such nature as was contemplated to the people, then it would be preferable to have the people pass upon it.

RAOUL E. DESVERNINE.

CHRISTOPHER FOR THE TAXI MEN

Otter Lake, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 3, you speak editorially of the guild or confraternity that the taxi men are proposing to form in honor of Saint Christopher, the patron of travelers. It seems strange, that teeming Manhattan should be so far behind in this work. We usually associate the big city with original ideas and the first in movements of this nature.

At the Church of Saint Mary of the Snows, at Otter Lake, New York, in the central Adirondacks, a Society of Saint Christopher has been flourishing for over two years. There are 1,200 members in this society. The holy sacrifice of the Mass is offered twice a week for the members and they are remembered daily at Mass, that they may be protected while traveling. Many of our members are non-Catholics, who believe in the protection of Saint Christopher.

In front of the Church of Saint Mary of the Snows, there is a statue of Saint Christopher, bearing the Christ Child on his shoulders. The statue stands upon a boulder that was dragged from the mountain back of the church. This statue overlooks the main state highway that runs from the Mohawk Valley through the heart of the Adirondacks to Canada. It has been said, that this is the only statue of Saint Christopher that stands on a state highway in these United States.

We have also written and published a book on the legend and life of Saint Christopher. May devotion to him increase!

REV. BERNARD F. J. DOOLEY.

DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER

Two Rivers, Wis.

TO the Editor: There is no telling where "Distractions of a Churchgoer" will lead to, but if these communications continue to come in, you will surely have to reprint the article for the benefit of those unfortunate readers who passed it up. I typed copies for some of my friends who missed it.

Between laughs I searched high and low for inaccuracies, even to the extent of bringing out my Missal and hunting for mention of Saint Richard. The only real disappointment was in the author's failure to have one of the altar boys (either the impish looking one or the other) start lighting the candles from the bottom, and as he went higher and higher, cause the author to hold her breath wondering just when his surplice would catch fire!

And then she did not mention the woman who always dangles her rosary against the back of your pew!

JOSEPHINE HERIAN.

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BOOKS

Portrait of the War Lord

Kaiser and Chancellor, by Karl Friedrich Nowak; translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THIS is an extremely interesting and, from a certain point of view a remarkable book. Not that it contains anything new, because the facts which it relates were more or less known, but on account of the light it throws on the character of the former kaiser. We see the man as he is, with his incurable vanity and his overdeveloped ego, trying to explain things nothing can explain, and absolutely nothing can excuse.

In great part the book is necessarily concerned with the dispute between the kaiser and his chancellor. The author misplaces the question when he says that William II was "on a solid basis of right in his struggle for his independence" against the man who had created the empire over which he ruled, "and for freedom to pursue his own not ignoble ideas." This struggle was essentially a personal one—it was not a question of policy, but of supremacy. It was also something else: it was the struggle between youth which thinks it knows everything, and old age which is aware it can learn something every day; it was the struggle between cold reason and irresponsible enthusiasm, and as such there was nothing surprising in its bitterness and intensity. But when it comes to the impartial and inexorable judgment of history, it ought to be viewed from another angle than that of personal passions, personal mistakes of judgment and personal animosities.

In a certain sense Mr. Nowak's book is an apology inspired by William II, who had summoned the author to Doorn in order to go into the details of his work. Like all apologies, it is incorrect in more than one point and tactless in others. Still it gives us a pretty good picture of the conditions which culminated in the dismissal of Bismarck from the position he had occupied for more than twenty-six years as the most powerful and formidable statesman in Europe.

What it does not say may be found in the diary of Prince von Hohenlohe, who was in time to succeed to Bismarck as German chancellor. When the news reached him that old Kaiser William I was dying, he wrote in it the following remarks, which give us the key to much that was to follow: "I was sure until now that Prince William was entirely in accord with Bismarck, but Heuduck [an intimate friend of William I], though he agreed with me in a general way, told me that there were some signs which pointed to the likelihood that the prince, when once he became emperor, would not be able long to bear with Bismarck. It seems that there exist some conservative elements at enmity with Bismarck which might easily overturn him. This would be most unpleasant. Prince William, as it is, is not popular in Germany, and will have to be very careful if he wants to win public opinion to his side." Mr. Nowak never once refers to those curious memoirs of Prince von Hohenlohe that throw so much light upon the relations of the two men—one of whom built up the empire which the other one destroyed.

But as a counterpart to his strange forgetfulness of a work which will be consulted by all students of modern German history, Mr. Nowak explains very accurately the policy of Bismarck in regard to foreign alliances, and the masterly manner in which he played Austria against Russia, and vice versa, while trying in spite of promises and treaties to arrange matters in such a way that Germany would never be compelled to draw the sword for the benefit of anybody but herself. It was an admirable policy in a way, but it could only be successful while a Bismarck controlled it—a man capable of imposing himself upon the entire world.

The description of the events which took place during the short reign of the Emperor Frederick is not as correct as the author would like us to believe. To anyone who knew the late Empress Victoria, it sounds almost grotesque to read some remarks attributed to her, and it is sufficient to glance at her correspondence which was published last year by Sir Frederick Ponsonby, to see how utterly impossible it would have been for her to have said to the son who she knew was at that time intriguing against her and his father: "When I think of how all the plans which I had worked out with Papa will collapse, because I shall be robbed of power! I shall never come to power." And the incident reported in the book concerning Count von Waldersee's advice to the then crown prince, in reference to certain orders issued by the Emperor Frederick, is another of the many clumsy attempts made by William II to exonerate himself from accusations but too well founded, and which history will have to take into account. Clumsiness is quite a dominant note in all the former kaiser's efforts to put everybody in the wrong except himself, a note which Mr. Nowak seems to overlook.

But the most amazing part of the book is the so-called "last message for my son and my people," contained in the form of a letter addressed by William II to the Emperor Francis Joseph, in which he explains to him his reasons for dismissing the first chancellor of the German Empire. Such a document arouses in its readers the most complete contempt for its author. In it we find again that mixture of vanity and unscrupulousness which was one of the principal characteristics of the former kaiser, and its publication cannot clear him from the reproach of ingratitude so often made against him by Bismarck himself.

Among other interesting portions of the book are the sketch given of the Bismarck family and the description of the curious personality of Baron von Holstein, whose influence on Germany's foreign policy surpassed at times that of Prince Bismarck himself. The references to the Emperor William II contained in the press from the date of his accession to his quarrel with his prime minister, are also worth reading. The work in itself will prove useful to students of history, provided they do not accept implicitly all its assertions.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Dixieland Dissected

An American Epoch, by Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

AN EMINENT Southerner, Howard W. Odum of North Carolina, writes a remarkable book portraying the twentieth-century South. His purpose is neither to praise nor to damn, but to give all the facts and let them speak for themselves; and this, singular in a factual book, he has done with literary beauty. But whatever his purpose, and he is loyal to the South, an impression must be left on the mind of the reader by such a thoroughgoing book. There is; the impression is that there is something wrong with the South, and that the wrongness is internal.

Mr. Odum paints strongly but truly the South's industrial advantages. But they were there from 1607, and they were not exploited, and the fault was the South's and nobody else's. About a hundred years ago, though Mr. Odum may not know this, Abbott Lawrence decided that the James River was the

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best location for a great industrial center, and proposed to erect one there. His proposal was rejected with contumely, because he was a Yankee and because he was an industrialist rather than a Southern gentleman. Defeated, he took the next best location, and the cities of Lowell and Lawrence were the result. The South, instead of blaming itself, blames the greedy Yankees. Yet it was not because the South was an agricultural country, which it was and is; for at the outbreak of the Civil War the North led not only in industry but in agriculture. The matter was and is, Mr. Odum, with the South; and the best that can be said is that in the last forty years such places as Birmingham have given evidence that the South is getting on to the fact that this is an age of manufacture. But it is not taking the lead, not producing any Henry Fords.

Mr. Odum's thesis is that there is not a South, but many Souths; but the same is true of any section and any country, and yet each has its character. Ending Mr. Odum's book, there remains the picture of a South which, however diverse in detail, is at least as homogeneous as any other place on the globe, with at least as marked a character. One of its characteristics, Mr. Odum says and we all know, is that in spite of its constant internal quarrels it is united against everybody else. Another, as he felicitously says, is that it is nearly always "against" something, rather than for something. Another is that it wants something, always, and is unwilling to pay the price; it wants, as he says, to be "national" and yet to be "Southern," and more concretely "it wanted Northern industries but not Northern methods" and "Northern influence and money" without any intrusion of anything but its own culture and civilization.

The South's self-praise outdoes Narcissus, and in that respect has undergone no change since Martin Chuzzlewit met Elijah Pogram and Hannibal Chollop. Mr. Odum mentions a Negro who described a monument as having been erected "in honor of themselves," and there is no escaping his meaning. Mr. Odum, balancing the scales, finds this self-admiration admirable by others; but it may be permissible to doubt his correctness here. Of course he eulogizes the Southern woman in the usual extravagant terms, or no Southerner would regard him as chivalrous; but evidently he has a suspicion that a lady is a lady no matter where she lives. He has the courage to say that the Daughters of the Confederacy "sometimes encouraged superficiality, narrowness, hypocrisy, energy-draining and initiative-killing forces." And as for chivalry, he wants to know where it was when Southerners sneered at Mrs. Alfred Smith as a woman who did her own work and later assailed Mrs. Hoover when she did not bar a congressman's wife from a reception to all wives of congressmen because the woman was not white.

But there is something at the bottom of it, and Mr. Odum does well to devote so much space to the tremendous influence of Tom Watson—who would have had as little influence as William Sulzer in any other section—and to the lack everywhere of "individual leaders." He thinks it is because in this matter the South is growing "more state- and sectional-minded." In no other section, too, could sectarianism take such a fanatical form; though, strange to say, the church membership in the South is less than 45 percent and in the nation 47 percent. Here, too, Mr. Odum balances one force against the other; there were many Protestant defenders of Smith, and, though he does not say so, probably a majority. But the language they talked was just as strange to Northern ears as the language talked by Bishop Cannon and Willie Upshaw. To keep in step with the procession, the South must learn the march music.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

The Roots of Our Culture

The Puritan Mind, by Herbert Wallace Schneider. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.00.

The Religious Background of American Culture, by Thomas Cuming Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

IT WOULD be a profitable thing if books like these two could be included in a program of winter reading and discussion by Catholic study clubs. They would throw much light on complexities which puzzle and disturb Protestants and Catholics alike, who are finding it more difficult than ever before to live together in this new society of ours, without knowing why. Both are appallingly ignorant of everything relating to American origins, growth and culture. These books read together would make an excellent start for such a study.

In "The Puritan Mind" American eccentricities are charged by the author to that temperament and outlook on life developed in New England in the struggle to set up in America a "Civitas Dei" impossible of achievement in England. The author describes this attempt to develop Baxter's "Commonwealth of God," a democracy of self-governing congregations, in a community brought out by a trading company for the purpose of producing wealth. He shows these independent congregations upon which the commonwealth was to be based yielding gradually to the inroads of a "holy anarchy" through the denial by some citizens therein of any rule but Christ's rule of the individual, in protest against increasingly close union of clerical and civil government; and the fading of Hooker's vision of "the little kingdoms of God," hardening into an ecclesiastical autocracy, a sort of centralized "holy republic" in reaction against this anarchy. He then shows the "holy republic" yielding in turn, not only to this disintegrating force of dissent against which it was supposed to act as a bulwark, and to a "tolerance" which Cotton Mather characterized as mere indifference, but also, and in particular, to that force we all overlook in this connection: the rights of the trading companies which founded the New England colonies.

It may come as a revelation to some readers that early immigration was not free; that it was controlled by these trading companies, just as later immigration was contracted for and regulated in some degree by the industrials of New England looking in Europe for cheap and docile labor. Not every man who settled in New England was a free man and he could not be, for only members of the company that brought him had any say in its affairs. It was only with party differences that the change came, and party differences grew out of this church struggle till toward 1743 the conflict between intolerant clerical autocrats and the "separated churches was shifted back to the contemporary philosophies of England and the wars of the Lord made way for the political struggles of Whig and Tory." That was the reason why "God's elect were gradually forced into the position of being only the socially elect," and that is why there began here a slow domestic revolution, social and political, a full century before the central government in England became involved; and that revolution was not ended by our separation from the mother country, which might be considered as only an incident in it.

In "The Religious Background of American Culture" Professor Hall probably has a truer interpretation than Professor Schneider of those forces which produced us, as flowing from the "Lollard mind" at least equally with the "Puritan mind." Going further back and into wider fields than Schneider, he traces the antecedents of that very dissent which evolved the Puritan mind, and he lays its roots far back in the racial

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antagonisms of early England. He makes of it an Anglo-Saxon attribute, the sullen obstructive resentment of a conquered people, intensified by Wyclif's revolt against the Norman-English prelates, and finally hardening into that fierce anti-papal, anti-ecclesiastical and proletarian form of Protestantism peculiar to England, which found its most clear-cut expression in the Lollards. He traces the tenacious life of Lollardy and its transplanting to America through "the humble people"—the skilled workers imported by the aristocratic colonists.

One may pass over his air of treating the growth of Christianity in England, and Catholicism generally, as if he were writing of recent excavations at Ur, from hearsay; for what he is stating is mainly the "pre-Reformation" existence of the Lollard spirit, and he is not taking Catholicism as strictly necessary to make his point. When he comes to Catholicism in America, however, he falls into a very usual trap for the unwary. Most of us have not yet recognized and taken into account the broken tradition caused by great mass immigrations into a community already formed, which have made a new and different thing of us within the same outer hull. In quoting from American church historians he misses the point that many of them are not writing about "ourselves" (i.e., Catholics) but about "themselves" (i.e., some special group within Catholicism in America) since they are of different race and origins from those who planted Catholicism on the Atlantic coast. He fails (as they also do) to observe a very necessary distinction: that we have had two kinds of immigration, at different periods within the same racial groups.

In commenting on the "lack of influence of Catholic culture" here he points to the almost insuperable difficulties under which the American Church assimilated these great new groups, salvaged them for the Church and initiated them to a more prosperous economic life, without however introducing them to American culture already formed, or passing on to America through them the mellow cultural tradition of Catholicism which the immigrant himself may never have wholly possessed, or had lost through centuries of oppression. That is true and we suffer from it in our Catholic life, but he is, as usual, giving emphasis only to the second immigrations, the mass immigrations.

He gives no value, for example, to the influential number of the upper gentry and nobility of Ireland, who came here after the defeat of the Stuart cause. Their cultural value was real, however, and it was Catholic. Many of first colonists were cultured Catholic gentlemen: some broken by the Tudors, some Stuart partizans. They were, equally with the Church of England men, "Cavaliers," though the Catholics had been fined till many were poor men. One does not therefore quite follow Dr. Hall in his statement that "Cavalier Virginia is a myth." It is true that in both Virginia and Maryland, to go no further, the aristocracy that owned, ruled and influenced others was a minority, as in all places and at all times. The plebs is always a majority and is always plebian. The "Cavalier" owned, ruled and gave the tone, and he raised the people to his standards. Today the plebs owns, rules and gives the tone and draws men down to it. There is no myth there: it is, on the contrary, what he is trying to prove by the influence of the "Lollard mind."

This comment on minor parts of Dr. Hall's book is not meant to be unfriendly. It is a valuable and important work, and since no Catholic in our generation has yet produced anything at all in this field, it is all the more important on the program of Catholic study clubs this winter.

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NEXT WEEK

Higher wages for workingmen and shorter hours are often advanced as panaceas for the present unemployment and lack of consumption. Authoritatively Dr. John A. Ryan professor of industrial ethics at the Catholic University of America and director of the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, treats of these subjects in HIGH WAGES AND UNEMPLOYMENT. . . . VINE-LEAVES AND ROSE-PETALS, by Louise Owen, is a real jem in Americana. It is a compilation and paraphraze of the various beverages our ancestors made from roots, leaves, flowers, and almost all pleasant, growing things. Like the wines and liquors it describes, it is altogether delicate and delicious in color and flavor. . . . If you have a fear complex at the mention of the name of a certain public man, you may well wonder after reading Mr. William C. Murphy's article, SELLING POLITICS, whether you are not the victim of a residual impression skilfully planted by partisan advertising and publicity. . . . The infusion of the Roman Law with the spirit of the Gospel, is described in a manner that conveys the full nobility and imperishable importance of the events in THE FOURTEENTH CENTENARY OF THE DIGEST OF JUSTINIAN, by Father Francesco Zublena, LL.D. . . . The beloved Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul is paid eloquent tribute, IN REMEMBRANCE, by Frances Boardman. Written by a non-Catholic this is a sincere tribute to a man of God and true Prince of the Church. . . . In THE PLIGHT OF THE POET, Theodore Maynard gives practical advice for those who would ride the winged horse and are too often satisfied with a mere hack. . . . CARIBBEAN MEMORY, by Frederic Thompson, recalls a sunny and pleasant scene where holy joy dwelt on a mountain top.

Indian Art and Culture

The Rythm of the Redman, by Julia M. Buttree. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. $5.00.

Growing Straight, by Maud Smith Williams. New York: A. S. Barnes and Company. $2.00.

"THE RYTHM OF THE REDMAN" is a beautiful book adorned with colored illustrations and pen sketches by the famous expert in Indian lore, Ernest Thompson Seton. It deserves attention since it is a distinct contribution to education and ethnology. Many of the features presented in its pages have never been approached so understandingly.

The book is divided into four parts. The first three portray the North American Indian in his songs, tunes and ceremonies. In the last part Miss Buttree tells us how to imitate Indian art, and how to appreciate it. The whole is the result of many expeditions into Indian territory within the last twenty-five years. An extensive bibliography is added.

It is the opinion of Miss Buttree that the North American Indian is the best teacher in acceptable dancing. There is some truth in this, but the contents of the book are more than a promoter of recreation. The Indian's dances picture to the reader the Indian's ideals, his religious conceptions, his artistic taste and race tradition. Ceremonies like introducing the child to the universe, the naming act, and the step into manhood or womanhood show us how primitive people utilize important events in human life for festive exultation and for the purpose of handing down from generation to generation important truths, ideals and customs. The aborigines' music and chant are simple. They fit the surroundings and the mental status of the actors—few words, few sounds and one important thought at a time. It is complex civilization reduced to its simplest basic components. Like his music, the Indian's art is extremely simple and yet decorative—occasionally mnemonic—joyfully colorful and largely symbolic. The materials used are things found in nature. The specimens of art reproduced in the book are good and authentic.

Maud Smith Williams presents in her "Growing Straight" secrets of physical and mental development learned from the American Indian and molds them into a new system of physical culture as a "legacy of the red race to the white race." The author worked long and earnestly before she presented this scientific system to our youth. She informs the reader about Indian prowess, knowledge of nature's forces, training, ideals and philosophy of correct living. She tells us about the importance the Indians attributed to correct breathing, fresh air, perspiration, hygiene, mental control and relaxation. On this wealth of material the Indian athletic exercises, forming the second part of the book, are based. Posture, carriage, muscular development, sitting, walking and other features are covered. The entire book is interestingly written and makes fascinating reading. It is quite different from the ordinary handbooks in physical education. That the system of the author will be universally adopted cannot be expected. For some time at least educators will be divided on its practicability. But this does not detract from the value of this book. The insight it gives into the efforts the Indians make to promote health and strength is valuable in itself.

These two volumes really complement each other, and it was a happy accident that they appeared so close together. Both books will prove to be interesting and instructive to teachers, educators, ethnologists and all others who are inquisitive about Indian life, health and lore.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

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Book of the Month

Life's an Art, by Franc-Nohain. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

MAURICE LEGRAND, or Franc-Nohain as he calls himself when he puts pen to paper, says that life's an art, but if life's an art, to write of it entertainingly is not less so, and this Franc-Nohain does.

He tells us that life is an art because "life is always choice," and it is of what to choose and how to choose that he discourses so eloquently in this charming volume. There are many attractive things to choose from in all the contingencies of life, one gathers, and yet among them all there is always one the choice of which leads to true happiness. In the eyes of M. Franc-Nohain this is certainly the important factor.

In the fifteen chapters which make up the volume, each a complete essay in itself, there is perhaps nothing very new or startling—nothing, that is, but the personality of the author, but this counts for much. We have been told all these things before, but never with just this peculiar, racy emphasis. Already, in four months from its publication, "Life's an Art" has enjoyed a great popularity in France, and it is easy to predict a still wider popularity there and elsewhere. For among many distracting voices in the modern world, all shouting at us to move on, this author's quiet tone persuades us to go home and sit by the fire. Among all the centrifugal forces that today fling us far off into unfamiliar scenes, his words are centripetal, calling us back to the normal center.

The chapters are all good, but not all equally good. Some are apt with worldly wit, but in others there is wisdom a little more than worldly. We find this, for example, in "The Call," in "What Love Is," in "Heart and Mind"; and if our author indeed leads us to the norm, the center, it is significant that the last chapter is entitled, "And Then There Is God." The book was the choice for December of the Catholic Book of the Month Club.

R. BURNHAM CLINTON.

"Physician, Cure Thyself"

Fads, Frauds and Physicians, by T. Swann Harding. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

MR. HARDING, who is not a physician but who has been brought intimately in contact with medical problems and the sciences related to medicine as well as medical journals, in the course of his biological work, has written a book of nearly four hundred pages with the avowed excellent purpose of emphasizing quackery in the medical profession. Thoughtful physicians know how much of it there is. The "Century Dictionary" defines a quack as "one who pretends to skill or knowledge of any kind which he does not possess." Unfortunately there are many physicians who pretend to know a number of things about which they know very little. Above all, they think they possess knowledge of the cure of diseases by means of highly lauded remedies, which after further, controlled observations prove to be utterly useless and not only devoid of therapeutic quality but actually sometimes harmful.

Medicine has made great advances but with all our progress we know very little about the profounder problems of human nature and its ills. As in the other sciences, our ignorance has increased faster than our knowledge. Every advance in knowledge has made us realize how much more there is that we do not know. How surprising to the public generally it is to learn that, as Mr. Harding very properly emphasizes, we do not know the significance of high blood pressure, neither

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do we know the significance of so common a symptom as fever. Surgery is supposed to be on a much firmed footing than medicine but many surgeons do high-priced operations for which there is no real indication. Surgeons have confessed in medical meetings that probably one-half the appendixes that are removed show no sign of any serious pathological condition. A great many tonsils are taken out without any good results following the operation. A great many teeth are pulled that would much better have been left in place. The American craze for operating has particularly struck some of our foreign medical visitors in recent years and they have not hesitated to criticize it. Hippocrates, the great Greek father of medicine, insisted that the most important element in medical practice is to be sure to do no harm.

The question is what is to be done about the abuses that have developed. Just a generation ago, the American medical profession had before it the problem of medical education, which was a disgrace. The degree of doctor of medicine was given for studying two terms of four months each, and represented a license to practise in any state in the union. There was no legal regulation of the practice of medicine. The trouble at the present time is that there is no way of keeping a physician in touch with scientific problems in medicine. Unless a physician deliberately keeps up to date, in the course of a dozen years his diagnosis is worth very little. As for treatment, he is apt to take suggestions from the manufacturing chemists as to the remedies with which he should treat his patients. In spite of all our advance in medical knowledge, it is still true that it is more important to know what sort of patient has a disease than what sort of disease a patient has. Unless organized medicine can suppress quackery in its midst, there will be further disaffection over medical conditions.

Mr. Harding is a little too hard on the medical profession. There are many honest physicians with no leaning toward quackery. Medical problems are extremely complex. The United States Supreme Court divides five to four on a problem which is very simple compared to some of those a physician must face. Neither lack of knowledge nor bias accounts for their division of opinion. We must sympathize with the profession, and yet physicians must clean house if they are to hold the honored place they so deservedly held in the past.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Making Science Readable

Studies in the Literature of Natural Science, by Julian M. Drachman. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

HAVE scientific writers produced any notable body of literature that can be enjoyed for its literary merit as well as for its subject-matter? The thesis of this book is that there is a great body of such literature which the educated public mind will find surprisingly well written and interesting.

The author's major concern is with the natural sciences of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and it centers about the development of the evolutionary conception from the days of Erasmus Darwin and Buffom to the neo-Darwinians. Drachman chooses the nineteenth century because he claims that it was the great age of science. Specialization had not reached the degree where it limited the interests of the individual as sharply as it does today. Scientists had supreme faith in their research and in their creeds, and wrote as crusaders.

The subject is so vast that the author had no choice but to limit his field, and the developments in natural science during that period are well worth reviewing; but he would have

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done greater justice to science if he had included some modern writings. Such scientific expositions for the layman as those of Eddington, Jeans and Millikan, as well as some recent purely scientific writing, would show that though the modern authors are neither so dogmatic, so positive nor so materialistic as those of the nineteenth century, for science is coming of age, that does not curb their literary ability. But whether we approve or disapprove of Drachman's choice of scientific writers, he makes it plain that these men wrote forcibly and well.

This book is not a book of quotations; in fact, a few more and longer, well-chosen ones would help to illustrate the thesis. In a sense it is a history of the science of that day, a history, though, that emphasizes the men as well as the counterplay of ideas, and analyzes the character and the literary style of each individual. It is a new way of going at an old story and presents a pleasing and a very human picture of the times.

One fact noted is that the leaders in science are so often also the virile, forceful writers who can best present their subject to the public. The natural history essayist whose motive is to "express a spiritual experience" rather than to "expound a subject" is shown to belong to a more purely literary class—neither better nor worse, but different.

The last hundred pages include other branches of science—a little physics and astronomy, the great synthetic philosophies and so forth. These sections are too brief to do full justice to their subject, but they introduce the reader to a broader field of scientific composition.

No one can read this book and still feel that science and literature are incompatible.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

The Hero of Charity

Saint Vincent De Paul, by Paul Renaudin; translated by Cecil Kerr. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.00.

INTEREST in Saint Vincent de Paul is everlasting. He is the man of all times because he was especially the man of his own time. A recent biographer has pithily expressed his life-work as: "Confraternities, prisons, galleys, peasants, lepers, poor fools, Paris, Provence, Italy, Poland, Spain, Barbary, Madagascar [why omit Ireland?], retreats, sermons, letters, charity, Sisters, Ladies of Charity, old men, children, miseries of Picardy, Champagne and Lorraine, councils, tasks, offices, duties, men, God." And, perhaps more than all else, the defense of the Eucharist against Jansenism.

No life of the saint yet has gone thoroughly into his part in the crushing of Jansenism. One has to go to the "Histoire Religieuse" of Georges Goyau. But Saint Vincent the apostle of charity is permitted to overshadow Saint Vincent the apologist. Rohrbacher, on account of Vincent's letters on Jansenism, does not hesitate to call him a "Father of the Church." A completely satisfying biography of the saint has yet to be written. The weighty life by Abelly has not been improved upon by any modern life.

The little volume by Paul Renaudin, running to but a hundred pages, makes no pretense to be a life. It is but a sketch, hardly more than a somewhat enlarged magazine article. But even a sketch may be a true likeness. It is a fascinating little book, with the French flair for getting the salient characteristics without cluttering up the canvas with unenlightening details. Those who read it will want to know more about Saint Vincent, and will perhaps be led to read Abelly and the letters of the saint.

HUGH F. BLUNT.

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Briefer Mention

The Tides of Malvern, by Francis Griswold. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

HERE is one more addition to the flood of novels, poems, biographies and historical works giving either the atmosphere of some highly individualized section of the country, or a feeling of the history of the nation as a whole. Such tendencies in our fiction are healthy and commendable, but this novel unfortunately does too much. It covers 250 years in 330 pages, shrinking under one cover material enough for a trilogy. As a result it is all hinted at in watery colors—the characters, the life of Charleston and the plantations, the country's wars, take on no solidity and life. The style is unexpectedly smooth and competent for a first novel. Its occasional sentimentality or confused metaphors are balanced by fine poetic bits: "Autumn was roaming down the river, touching with gold and crimson the wooded banks and scattering with frosty breath the hazes of Indian summer"; or stray flashes on human behavior: "Mary, whom he courted by an intricate system of reticences." One cannot but comment, in conclusion, on the monotonous fate that tracks down all the generations of the family here portrayed: its sons invariably marry a childhood playmate, usually a cousin. Surely this woful lack of imagination is not prevalent in Carolina.

A Vagabond in Barbary, by Harry L. Foster. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

THERE are, at present, two outstanding American writers of vagabondia who have had enough of both literary achievements and vagabond traveling to write books free of fictitious sex adventures or profanity—and still write interesting books: One of these writers is Harry Franck, the other is Harry L. Foster. Foster, in his latest book, "A Vagabond in Barbary," has written a most delightful account of a trip through the countries of Northern Africa. He charmingly describes the beauty to be seen in these countries; the seaports and inland cities that were built even before ancient Rome ruled the then known world; the majesty—and drab monotony—of the great Sahara Desert, which scorches the traveler during the almost unbearable heat of the North African day, or shimmers in glittering waves of sand under the cold white light of the tropical moon. The adventures he meets during his travels are told as only Harry Foster can tell them. It is an absorbing book.

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